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IDYLLS OF THE ILIAD.

DOLON.

DOLON, Eumedes' son, was swift of foot,
But mean of form, nor in the battle-field
Of count, nor in the councils of the chiefs,
And greed possessed his soul. Though count-
less store

Of brass and gold was in his father's house,
And he the only heir of all his wealth,
Yet lust of riches ever drove him on,
As Eurus drives a galleon o'er the sea
Of some fond merchant, who for love of gain
Barter his life. So Dolon; for when night
Was gathered round the Trojans on the plain,
Spake Hector, "Now, since darkness stays our

path,
And these cowed Greeks, till morning dawn,
are safe

Within their fencework, who among you all
Is bold to grasp the prize I offer him?
Whoso across the plain to yonder ships
Shall win his unseen way, and bring report,
Whether the wonted watchmen pace their
round,

Or haply hope forsake them, and they plan
Some instant flight, him shall the choicest
steeds,

His prize, and costliest chariot of the Greeks
Bear through the opened Scaean gate to Troy,
And men of after years shall praise his name."
So Hector spake, standing by Ilus' tomb,
Because he knew not that the gods ordained
Short breathing-time to Troy, and sudden
doom.

But straight in Dolon's mind arose a strife
As, at the issuing forth of some great stream,
This way and that the meeting waters strive,
The river and the sea, and toss their waves,
And mingle tumult, till the one prevails;
So coward love of life, and greed of gain,
Battled in Dolon's heart, till, at the last,
Greed conquered, and the man stood forth,
and spake:

"Hector, my manly soul within me prompts
To seek the ships, and hither bring report,
Whether the wonted watch be set, or hope
Forsake them, and they plan some instant
flight;

But do thou take thy sceptre in thy hand,
And swear me a great oath that thou wilt give
Achilles' chariot and his steeds, my prize,
To bear me through the Scaean gate to Troy,
That men of after years may praise my name.
Then will I bring true tidings, and will go,
Yea, if need be, to Agamemnon's ship,
Where sit, belike, the princes in debate,
Whether to fly or battle to the end."

So spake he, feigning manhood; for he knew
Xanthus and Balios, Achilles' steeds,
Swift as the wind, one bay, one flecked with
white,

Beyond all price. And Hector sware the
oath:

And round his shoulders Dolon slung his bow,
And donned a grey wolf's hide, and on his head
A marten's fur, close fitted, to beseeem
Some prowling beast of night, and, spear in
hand,

Shoreward through darkness took his treach-
erous way;

Not to return. For near the bivouac lurked
Tydeides, with the comrade of his choice,
Odysseus, versed in wiles; they from the ships,
At Nestor's bidding, had come forth to spy
The Trojans' purpose; now, upon the sand,
Strewn with the slain, they crouched, while

Dolon passed;
Then, when his path had measured such a
space,

As two stout mules, straining a deep-plunged
plough

May outstrip oxen in a furrow's length,
Sprang in pursuit. And Dolon fled; but they,
As wary hounds that chase a fleet-foot hare,
Follow untiring, nor does bush, nor ditch,
Foil them, nor mazy threadings of the wood;
So they, untiring, chased their fleet-foot prey,
Checking, with hunters' skill, his backward
path.

And now they neared the ships, and Diomedes
Was strengthened by Athene, lest some Greek,
Loitering without the trench, should snatch his
prize;

And stretched his hand, and grasped his caitiff
foe,

And after short stern question, and return
Of traitorous answer, and relentless scoff
At proffered ransom and at piteous prayer,
Shore, with one stroke, e'en as he spake, his
head

From off his shoulders, as a woodman shears
An undergrowth that twines about his feet.
And Dolon fell as a snake falls, that lies
Coiled on a wayside bank, and rears its head,
Hissing, and some chance traveller, passing by,
Strikes with his staff, and sunders, and the
coils

Straightway are loosened, and the thing lies
dead.

So Dolon's limbs were loosened, and the life
Fled from him, and his slayers went their way.
Spectator. O. OGLE.

THE THRUSH.

STILL whilst he sings, loving the best
A laurel branch above the nest,
Where his good mate, the hatching nigh,
Listens to strains first low, then high;
Then low again and lower until
To her ear only audible.

The two had quarrels at spring's dawn,
Brief as an April shower, born
To spice their love or make it more;
But now such setting suns are o'er.
Hope is more largely mixed with love,
And hope and love together move,
In sight of birthday crowning all
As shadows of the evening fall.

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Nineteenth Century.
JOHN WEBSTER.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THERE were many poets in the age of Shakespeare who make us think, as we read them, that the characters in their plays could not have spoken more beautifully, more powerfully, more effectively, under the circumstances imagined for the occasion of their utterance; there are only two who make us feel that the words assigned to the creatures of their genius are the very words they must have said, the only words they could have said, the actual words they assuredly did say. Mere literary power, mere poetic beauty, mere charm of passionate or pathetic fancy, we find in varying degrees dispersed among them all alike; but the crowning gift of imagination, the power to make us realize that thus and not otherwise it was, that thus and not otherwise it must have been, was given — except by exceptional fits and starts — to none of the poets of their time but only to Shakespeare and to Webster.

Webster, it may be said, was but as it were a limb of Shakespeare; but that limb, it might be replied, was the right arm. "The kingly-crownèd head, the vigilant eye," whose empire of thought and whose reach of vision no other man's faculty has ever been found competent to match, are Shakespeare's alone forever; but the force of hand, the fire of heart, the fervor of pity, the sympathy of passion, not poetic or theatric merely, but actual and immediate, are qualities in which the lesser poet is not less certainly or less unmistakably pre-eminent than the greater. And there is no third to be set beside them; not even if we turn from their contemporaries to Shelley himself. All that Beatrice says in "The Cenci" is beautiful and conceivable and admirable; but unless we except her exquisite last words — and even they are more beautiful than inevitable — we shall hardly find what we find in "King Lear" and "The White Devil," "Othello" and "The Duchess of Malfy," — the tone of convincing reality; the note, as a critic of our own day might call it, of certitude.

There are poets — in our own age, as

in all past ages — from whose best work it might be difficult to choose at a glance some verse sufficient to establish their claim — great as their claim may be — to be remembered forever; and who yet may be worthy of remembrance among all but the highest. Webster is not one of these; though his fame assuredly does not depend upon the merit of a casual passage here or there, it would be easy to select from any one of his representative plays such examples of the highest, the purest, the most perfect power, as can be found only in the works of the greatest among poets. There is not, as far as my studies have ever extended, a third English poet to whom these words might rationally be attributed by the conjecture of a competent reader, —

We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's
slaves,

Nay, cease to die, by dying.

There is a depth of severe sense in them, a height of heroic scorn, or a dignity of quiet cynicism, which can scarcely be paralleled in the bitterest or the fiercest effusions of John Marston or Cyril Tourneur or Jonathan Swift. Nay, were they not put into the mouth of a criminal cynic, they would not seem unworthy of Epicurus. There is nothing so grand in the part of Edmund, — the one figure in Shakespeare whose aim in life, whose centre of character, is one with the view or the instinct of Webster's two typical villains. Some touches in the part of Flamineo suggest, if not a conscious imitation, an unconscious reminiscence of that prototype; but the essential and radical originality of Webster's genius is shown in the difference of accent with which the same savage and sarcastic philosophy of self-interest finds expression through the snarl and sneer of his ambitious cynic. Monsters as they may seem of unnatural egotism and unallayed ferocity, the one who dies penitent, though his repentance be as sudden if not as suspicious as any ever wrought by miraculous conversion, dies as thoroughly in character as the one who takes leave of life in a passion of scorn and defiant irony which hardly passes off at last into a mood of mocking and triumphant resignation. There is a

cross of heroism in almost all Webster's characters which preserves the worst of them from such hatefulness as disgusts us in certain of Fletcher's or of Ford's; they have in them some salt of manhood, some savor of venturesome and humorous resolution, which reminds us of the heroic age in which the genius that begot them was born and reared — the age of Richard Grenville and Francis Drake, Philip Sidney and William Shakespeare.

The earliest play of Webster's now surviving — if a work so piteously mutilated and defaced can properly be said to survive — is a curious example of the combined freedom and realism with which recent or even contemporary history was habitually treated on the stage during the last years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The noblest poem known to me of this peculiar kind is the play of "Sir Thomas More," first printed by Mr. Dyce in 1844 for the Shakespeare Society; the worst must almost certainly be that "Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell" which the infallible verdict of German intuition has discovered to be "not only unquestionably Shakespeare's, but worthy to be classed among his best and maturest works." About midway between these two I should be inclined to rank "The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt," a mangled and deformed abridgement of a tragedy by Dekker and Webster on the story of Lady Jane Grey. In this tragedy, as in the two comedies due to the collaboration of the same poets, it appears to me more than probable that Dekker took decidedly the greater part. The shambling and slipshod metre, which seems now and then to hit by mere chance on some pure and tender note of simple and exquisite melody — the lazy vivacity and impulsive inconsequence of style — the fitful sort of slovenly inspiration, with interludes of absolute and headlong collapse — are qualities by which a very novice in the study of dramatic form may recognize the reckless and unmistakable presence of Dekker. The curt and grim precision of Webster's tone, his terse and pungent force of compressed rhetoric, will be found equally difficult to trace in any of these three plays. "Northward Ho,"

a clever, coarse, and vigorous study of the realistic sort, has not a note of poetry in it, but is more coherent, more sensibly conceived and more ably constructed, than the rambling history of Wyatt or the hybrid amalgam of prosaic and romantic elements in the compound comedy of "Westward Ho." All that is of any great value in this amorphous and incongruous product of inventive impatience and impetuous idleness can be as distinctly traced to the hand of Dekker as the crowning glories of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" can be traced to the hand of Shakespeare. Any poet, even of his time, might have been proud of these verses, but the accent of them is unmistakable as that of Dekker: —

Go, let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful
silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms
Invisibly fly, yet be enjoyed.

This delicate fluency and distilled refinement of expression ought properly, one would say, to have belonged to a poet of such careful and self-respectful genius as Lord Tennyson's; whereas in the very next speech of the same speaker we stumble over such a phrase as that which closes the following sentence, —

We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers, fight battles,
spend
Our blood to buy us names, *and, in iron hold,*
Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold,

which he who can parse, let him scan, and he who can scan, let him construe. It is alike incredible and certain that the writer of such exquisite and blameless verse as that in which the finer scenes of "Old Fortunatus" and "The Honest Whore" are so smoothly and simply and naturally written should have been capable of writing whole plays in this headlong and halting fashion, as helpless and graceless as the action of a spavined horse, or a cripple who should attempt to run.

It is difficult to say what part of these plays should be assigned to Webster. Their rough, realistic humor, with its tone of somewhat coarse-grained good-nature, strikes the habitual note of Dekker's

comic style; there is nothing of the fierce and scornful intensity, the ardor of passionate and compressed contempt, which distinguishes the savagely humorous satire of Webster and of Marston, and makes it hopeless to determine by intrinsic evidence how little or how much was added by Webster in the second edition to the original text of Marston's "Malcontent;" unless — which appears to me not unreasonable — we assume that the printer of that edition lied or blundered after the manner of his contemporary kind in attributing on the title-page — as apparently he meant to attribute — any share in the additional scenes or speeches to the original author of the play. In any case, the passages thus added to that grimmest and most sombre of tragi-comedies are in such exact keeping with the previous text that the keenest scent of the veriest bloodhound among critics could not detect a shade of difference in the savor.

The text of either comedy is generally very fair — as free from corruption as could reasonably be expected. The text of "Sir Thomas Wyatt" is corrupt as well as mutilated. Even in Mr. Dyce's second edition I have noted, not without astonishment, the following flagrant errors left still to glare on us from the distorted and disfigured page. In the sixth scene a single speech of Arundel's contains two of the most palpably preposterous: —

The obligation wherein we all stood bound

Cannot be concealed without great reproach
To us and to our issue.

We should of course read "cancelled" for "concealed;" the sense of the context and the exigence of the verse cry alike aloud for the correction. In the sixteenth line from this we come upon an equally obvious error: —

Advice in this I hold it better far,
To keep the course we run, than, seeking
change,

Hazard our lives, our honors, and the realm.

It seems hardly credible to those who are aware how much they owe to the excellent scholarship and editorial faculty of Mr. Dyce, that he should have allowed such a misprint as "heirs" for "honors" to

stand in this last unlucky line. Again, in the next scene, when the popular leader Captain Brett attempts to reassure the country folk who are startled at the sight of his insurgent array, he is made to utter (in reply to the exclamation, "What's here? soldiers!") the perfectly fatuous phrase, "Fear not good speech." Of course — once more — we should read, "Fear not, good people;" a correction which rectifies the metre as well as the sense.

The play attributed to Webster and Rowley by a publisher of the next generation has been carefully and delicately analyzed by a critic of our own time, who naturally finds it easy to distinguish the finer from the homelier part of the compound west, and to assign what is rough and crude to the inferior, what is interesting and graceful to the superior poet. The authority of the rogue Kirkman may be likened to the outline or profile of Mr. Mantalini's early loves; it is either no authority at all, or at best it is a "demd" authority. The same swindler who assigned to Webster and Rowley the authorship of "A Cure for a Cuckold" assigned to Shakespeare and Rowley the authorship of an infinitely inferior play — a play of which German sagacity has discovered that "none of Rowley's other works are equal to this." Assuredly, as far as I know them, they are not — in utter stolidity of platitude and absolute impotence of drivel. Rowley was a vigorous artist in comedy and a powerful amateur in tragedy; he may have written the lighter or broader parts of the play which rather unluckily took its name from these, and Webster may have written the more serious or sentimental parts; but there is not the slightest shadow of a reason to suppose it. An obviously apocryphal abortion of the same date, attributed to the same poets by the same knave, has long since been struck off the roll of Webster's works.

The few occasional poems of this great poet are worth study by those who are capable of feeling interest in the comparison of slighter with sublimer things, and the detection in minor works of the same style, here revealed by fitful hints in cas-

ual phrases, as that which animates and distinguishes even a work so insufficient and incompetent as Webster's "tragedy-comedy" of "The Devil's Law-case." The noble and impressive extracts from this most incoherent and chaotic of all plays which must be familiar to all students of Charles Lamb are but patches of imperial purple sewn on with the roughest of needles to a garment of the raggedest and coarsest kind of literary serge. Hardly any praise can be too high for their dignity and beauty, their lofty loyalty and simplicity of chivalrous manhood or their deep sincerity of cynic meditation and self-contemptuous mournfulness; and the reader who turns from these magnificent samples to the complete play must expect to find yet another and a yet unknown masterpiece of English tragedy. He will find a crowning example of the famous theorem, "that the plot is of no use except to bring in the fine things." The plot is in this instance absurd to a degree so far beyond the most preposterous conception of confused and distracting extravagance that the reader's attention may at times be withdrawn from the all but unqualified ugliness of its ethical tone or tendency. Two of Webster's favorite types, the meditative murderer or philosophic ruffian, and the impulsive impostor who is liable to collapse into the likeness of a passionate penitent, will remind the reader how much better they appear in tragedies which are carried through to their natural tragic end. But here, where the story is admirably opened and the characters as skilfully introduced, the strong interest thus excited at starting is scattered or broken or trifled away before the action is halfway through; and at its close the awkward violence or irregularity of moral and scenical effect comes to a crowning crisis in the general and mutual condonation of unnatural perjury and attempted murder with which the victims and the criminals agree to hush up all grudges, shake hands all round, and live happy ever after. There is at least one point of somewhat repulsive resemblance between the story of this play and that of Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn;" but Fletcher's play, with none of the tragic touches or interludes of superb and sombre poetry which relieve the incoherence of Webster's, is better laid out and constructed, more amusing if not more interesting, and more intelligent if not more imaginative.

A far more creditable and workmanlike piece of work, though glorified by no

flashes of such sudden and singular beauty, is the tragedy of "Appius and Virginia." The almost infinite superiority of Webster to Fletcher as a poet of pure tragedy and a painter of masculine character is in this play as obvious as the inferiority in construction and conduct of romantic story displayed in his attempt at a tragi-comedy. From the evidence of style I should judge this play to have been written at an earlier date than "The Devil's Law-case;" it is, I repeat, far better composed; better, perhaps, than any other play of the author's; but it has none of his more distinctive qualities,—intensity of idea, concentration of utterance, pungency of expression, and ardor of pathos. It is written with noble and equable power of hand, with force and purity and fluency of apt and simple eloquence: there is nothing in it unworthy of the writer; but it is the only one of his unassisted works in which we do not find that especial note of tragic style, concise and pointed and tipped as it were with fire, which usually makes it impossible for the duller reader to mistake the peculiar presence, the original tone or accent, of John Webster. If the epithet unique had not such a tang of German affectation in it, it would be perhaps the aptest of all adjectives to denote the genius or define the manner of this great poet. But in this tragedy, though whatever is said is well said and whatever is done well done, we miss that sense of positive and inevitable conviction, that instant and profound perception or impression as of immediate and indisputable truth, which is burnt in upon us as we read the more Websterian scenes of Webster's writing. We feel, in short, that thus it may have been; not, as I observed at the opening of these notes, that thus it must have been. The poem does him no discredit; nay, it does him additional honor, as an evidence of powers more various and many-sided than we should otherwise have known or supposed in him. Indeed, the figure of Virginius is one of the finest types of soldierly and fatherly heroism ever presented on the stage; there is equal force of dramatic effect, equal fervor of eloquent passion, in the scene of his pleading before the Senate on behalf of the claims of his suffering and struggling fellow soldiers, and in the scene of his return to the camp after the immolation of his daughter. The mere theatric effect of this latter scene is at once so triumphant and so dignified, so noble in its presentation and so passionate in its restraint, that we feel the high justice

and sound reason of the instinct which inspired the poet to prolong the action of his play so far beyond the sacrifice of his heroine. A comparison of Webster's *Virginus* with any of Fletcher's wordy warriors will suffice to show how much nearer to Shakespeare than to Fletcher stands Webster as a tragic or a serious dramatist. Coleridge, not always just to Fletcher, was not unjust in his remark, "What strange self-trumpeters and tongue-bullies all the brave soldiers of Beaumont and Fletcher are!" and again, almost immediately, "All B. and F's generals are pugilists, or cudgel-fighters, that boast of their bottom and of the *claret* they have shed." There is nothing of this in *Virginus*; Shakespeare himself has not represented with a more lofty fidelity, in the person of Coriolanus or of Brutus, "the high Roman fashion" of austere and heroic self-respect. In the other leading or dominant figure of this tragedy there is certainly discernible a genuine and thoughtful originality or freshness of conception; but perhaps there is also recognizable a certain inconsistency of touch. It was well thought of to mingle some alloy of goodness with the wickedness of Appius Claudius, to represent the treacherous and lecherous decemvir as neither kindless nor remorseless, but capable of penitence and courage in his last hour. But Shakespeare, I cannot but think, would have prepared us with more care and more dexterity for the revelation of some such redeeming quality in a character which in the act immediately preceding Webster has represented as utterly heartless and shameless, brutal in its hypocrisy and impudent in its brutality.

If the works already discussed were their author's only claims to remembrance and honor, they might not suffice to place him on a higher level among our tragic poets than that occupied by Marston and Dekker and Middleton on the one hand, by Fletcher and Massinger and Shirley on the other. "Antonio and Mellida," "Old Fortunatus," or "The Changeling" — "The Maid's Tragedy," "The Duke of Milan," or "The Traitor" — would suffice to counterweigh (if not, in some cases, to outbalance) the merit of the best among these: the fitful and futile inspiration of "The Devil's Law-case," and the stately but subdued inspiration of "Appius and Virginia." That his place was with no subordinate poet — that his station is at Shakespeare's right hand — the evidence supplied by his two great tragedies is disputable by no one who has an

inkling of the qualities which confer a right to be named in the same day with the greatest writer of all time.

Æschylus is above all things the poet of righteousness. "But in any wise, I say unto thee, revere thou the altar of righteousness:" this is the crowning admonition of his doctrine, as its crowning prospect is the reconciliation or atonement of the principle of retribution with the principle of redemption, of the powers of the mystery of darkness with the co-eternal forces of the spirit of wisdom, of the lord of inspiration and of light. The doctrine of Shakespeare, where it is not vaguer, is darker in its implication of injustice, in its acceptance of accident, than the impression of the doctrine of Æschylus. Fate, irreversible and inscrutable, is the only force of which we feel the impact, of which we trace the sign, in the upshot of "Othello" or "King Lear." The last step into the darkness remained to be taken by "the most tragic" of all English poets. With Shakespeare — and assuredly not with Æschylus — righteousness itself seems subject and subordinate to the masterdom of fate; but fate itself, in the tragic world of Webster, seems merely the servant or the synonym of chance. The two chief agents in his two great tragedies pass away — the phrase was perhaps unconsciously repeated — "in a mist;" perplexed, indomitable, defiant of hope and fear; bitter and sceptical and bloody in penitence or impenitence alike. And the mist which encompasses the departing spirits of these moody and mocking men of blood seems equally to involve the lives of their chastisers and their victims. Blind accident and blundering mishap — "such a mistake," says one of the criminals, "as I have often seen in a play" — are the steersmen of their fortunes and the doomsmen of their deeds. The effect of this method or the result of this view, whether adopted for dramatic objects or ingrained in the writer's temperament, is equally fit for pure tragedy and unfit for any form of drama not purely tragic in evolution and event. In "The Devil's Law-case" it is offensive, because the upshot is incongruous and insufficient; in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy" it is admirable, because the results are adequate and coherent. But in all these three plays alike, and in these three plays only, the peculiar tone of Webster's genius, the peculiar force of his imagination, is distinct and absolute in its fulness of effect. The author of "Appius and Virginia" would

have earned an honorable and enduring place in the history of English letters as a worthy member — one among many — of a great school in poetry, a deserving representative of a great epoch in literature; but the author of these three plays has a solitary station, an indisputable distinction of his own. The greatest poets of all time are not more mutually independent than this one — a lesser poet only than those greatest — is essentially independent of them all.

The first quality which all readers must recognize, and which may strike a superficial reader as the exclusive or excessive note of his genius and his work, is of course his command of terror. Except in *Æschylus*, in *Dante*, and in *Shakespeare*, I at least know not where to seek for passages which in sheer force of tragic and noble horror — to the vulgar shock of ignoble or brutal horror he never condescends to submit his reader or subdue his inspiration — may be set against the subtlest, the deepest, the sublimest passages of Webster. Other gifts he had as great in themselves, as precious and as necessary to the poet; but on this side he is incomparable and unique. Neither *Marlowe* nor *Shakespeare* had so fine, so accurate, so infallible a sense of the delicate line of demarcation which divides the impressive and the terrible from the horrible and the loathsome — *Victor Hugo* and *Honoré de Balzac* from *Eugène Sue* and *Emile Zola*. On his theatre we find no presentation of old men with their beards torn off and their eyes gouged out, of young men imprisoned in reeking cess-pools and impaled with red-hot spits. Again and again his passionate and daring genius attains the utmost limit and rounds the final goal of tragedy; never once does it break the bounds of pure poetic instinct. If ever for a moment it may seem to graze that goal too closely, to brush too sharply by those bounds, the very next moment finds it clear of any such risk and remote from any such temptation as sometimes entrapped or seduced the foremost of its forerunners in the field. And yet this is the field in which its paces are most superbly shown. No name among all the names of great poets will recur so soon as Webster's to the reader who knows what it signifies, as he reads or repeats the verses in which a greater than this great poet — a greater than all since *Shakespeare* — has expressed the latent mystery of terror which lurks in all the highest poetry or beauty, and distinguishes it inexplicably and inevitably

from all that is but a little lower than the highest.

Les aigles sur les bords du Gange et du Caystre
Sont effrayants;
Rien de grand qui ne soit confusément sinistre;
Les noirs pœans,

Les psaumes, la chanson monstrueuse du mage
Ezéchiel,
Font devant notre œil fixe errer la vague image
D'un affreux ciel.

L'empyrée est l'abîme, on y plonge, on y reste
Avec terreur.
Car planer, c'est trembler; si l'azur est céleste,
C'est par l'horreur.

L'épouvante est au fond des choses les plus
belles;
Les bleus vallons
Font parfois reculer d'effroi les fauves ailes
Des aquilons.

And even in comedy as in tragedy, in prosaic even as in prophetic inspiration, in imitative as in imaginative works of genius, the sovereign of modern poets has detected the same touch of terror wherever the deepest note possible has been struck, the fullest sense possible of genuine and peculiar power conveyed to the student of lyric or dramatic, epic or elegiac masters.

De là tant de beautés difformes dans leurs
œuvres;
Le vers charmant
Est par la torsion subite des couleuvres
Pris brusquement;

A de certains moments toutes les jeunes flores
Dans la forêt
Ont peur, et sur le front des blanches métaphores
L'ombre apparaît;

C'est qu'Horace ou Virgile ont vu soudain le
spectre
Noir se dresser;
C'est que là-bas, derrière *Amaryllis*, *Electre*
Vient de passer.

Nor was it the *Electra* of *Sophocles*, the calm and impassive accomplice of an untroubled and unhesitating matricide, who showed herself ever in passing to the intent and serious vision of Webster. By those candid and sensible judges to whom the praise of *Marlowe* seems to imply a reflection on the fame of *Shakespeare*, I may be accused — and by such critics I am content to be accused — of a fatuous design to set Webster beside *Sophocles*, or *Sophocles* — for aught I know — beneath Webster, if I venture to indicate the superiority in truth of natural passion — and, I must add, of moral instinct —

which distinguishes the modern from the ancient. It is not, it never was, it never will be, and it never can have been natural for noble and civilized creatures to accept with spontaneous complacency, to discharge with unforced equanimity, such offices or such duties as weigh so lightly on the spirit of the Sophoclean Orestes that the slaughter of a mother seems to be a less serious undertaking for his unreluctant hand than the subsequent execution of her paramour. The immeasurable superiority of Æschylus to his successors in this quality of instinctive righteousness — if a word long vulgarized by theology may yet be used in its just and natural sense — is shared no less by Webster than by Shakespeare. The grave and deep truth of natural impulse is never ignored by these poets when dealing either with innocent or with criminal passion; but it surely is now and then ignored by the artistic quietism of Sophocles — as surely as it is outraged and degraded by the vulgar theatricalities of Euripides. Thomas Campbell was amused and scandalized by the fact that Webster (as he is pleased to express it) modestly compares himself to the playwright last mentioned; being apparently of opinion that "Hippolytus" and "Medea" may be reckoned equal or superior, as works of tragic art or examples of ethical elevation, to "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfy;" and being no less apparently ignorant, and incapable of understanding, that as there is no poet morally nobler than Webster so is there no poet ignobler in the moral sense than Euripides; while as a dramatic artist — an artist in character, action, and emotion — the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man. No better test of critical faculty could be required by the most exacting scrutiny of probation than is afforded by the critic's professed or professional estimate of those great poets whose names are not consecrated — or desecrated — by the conventional applause, the factitious adoration, of a tribunal whose judgments are dictated by obsequious superstition and unanimous incompetence. When certain critics inform a listening world that they do not admire Marlowe and Webster — they admire Shakespeare and Milton, we know at once that it is not the genius of Shakespeare — it is the reputation of Shakespeare that they admire. It is not the man that they bow down to; it is the bust that they crouch down before. They would worship Shirley as

soon as Shakespeare, Glover as soon as Milton, Byron as soon as Shelley, Musset as soon as Hugo, Longfellow as soon as Tennyson, if the tablet were as showily emblazoned, the inscription as pretentiously engraved.

The nobility of spirit and motive which is so distinguishing a mark of Webster's instinctive genius or natural disposition of mind is proved by his treatment of facts placed on record by contemporary annalists in the tragic story of Vittoria Accorambuoni, Duchess of Brachiano. That story would have been suggestive, if not tempting, to any dramatic poet; and almost any poet but Shakespeare or Webster would have been content to accept the characters and circumstances as they stood nakedly on record, and adapt them to the contemporary stage of England with such dexterity and intelligence as he might be able to command. But as Shakespeare took the savage legend of Hamlet, the brutal story of Othello, and raised them from the respective levels of the Heimskringla and the Newgate Calendar to the very highest "heaven of invention," so has Webster transmuted the impressive but repulsive record of villainies and atrocities, in which he discovered the motive for a magnificent poem, into the majestic and pathetic masterpiece which is one of the most triumphant and the most memorable achievements of English poetry. If, in his play, as in the legal or historic account of the affair, the whole family of the heroine had appeared unanimous and eager in complicity with her sins and competition for a share in the profits of her dishonor, the tragedy might still have been as effective as it is now from the theatrical or sensational point of view; it might have thrilled the reader's nerves as keenly, have excited and stimulated his curiosity, have whetted and satiated his appetite for transient emotion, as thoroughly and triumphantly as now. But it would have been merely a criminal melodrama, compiled by the labor and vivified by the talent of an able theatrical journeyman. The one great follower of Shakespeare — "*haud passibus æquis*" at all points; "*longo sed proximus intervallo*" — has recognized, with Shakespearean accuracy and delicacy and elevation of instinct, the necessity of ennobling and transfiguring his characters if their story was to be made acceptable to the sympathies of any but an idle or an ignoble audience. And he has done so after the very manner and in the very spirit of Shakespeare. The noble crea-

tures of his invention give to the story that dignity and variety of interest without which the most powerful romance or drama can be but an example of vigorous vulgarity. The upright and high-minded mother and brother of the shameless Flamineo and the shame-stricken Vittoria refresh and purify the tragic atmosphere of the poem by the passing presence of their virtues. The shallow and fiery nature of the fair White Devil herself is a notable example of the difference so accurately distinguished by Charlotte Brontë between an impressionable and an impressive character. Ambition, self-interest, passion, remorse, and hardihood alternate and contend in her impetuous and wayward spirit. The one distinct and trustworthy quality which may always be reckoned on is the indomitable courage underlying her easily irritable emotions. Her bearing at the trial for her husband's murder is as dexterous and dauntless as the demeanor of Mary Stuart before her judges. To Charles Lamb it seemed "an innocence-resembling boldness;" to Mr. Dyce and Canon Kingsley the innocence displayed in Lamb's estimate seemed almost ludicrous in its misconception of Webster's text. I should hesitate to write with them that he has never once made his accused heroine speak in the natural key of innocence unjustly impeached; Mary's pleading for her life is not at all points incompatible in tone with the innocence which it certainly fails to establish — except in minds already made up to accept any plea as valid which may plausibly or possibly be advanced on her behalf; and the arguments advanced by Vittoria are not more evasive and equivocal, in face of the patent and flagrant prepossession of her judges, than those put forward by the Queen of Scots. It is impossible not to wonder whether the poet had not in his mind the actual tragedy which had taken place just twenty-five years before the publication of this play; if not, the coincidence is something more than singular. The fierce profligacy and savage egotism of Brachiano have a certain energy and activity in the display and the development of their motives and effects which suggest rather such a character as Bothwell's than such a character as that of the bloated and stolid sensualist who stands or grovels before us in the historic record of his life. As presented by Webster, he is doubtless an execrable ruffian; as presented by history, he would be intolerable by any but such readers or spectators as those on whom the figments or

the photographs of self-styled naturalism produce other than emetic emotions. Here again the noble instinct of the English poet has rectified the æsthetic unseemliness of an ignoble reality. This Brachiano is a far more living figure than the porcine paramour of the historic Accorambuoni. I am not prepared to maintain that in one scene too much has not been sacrificed to immediate vehemence of effect. The devotion of the discarded wife, who, to shelter her Antony from the vengeance of Octavius assumes the mask of a raging jealousy, thus taking upon herself the blame and responsibility of their final separation, is expressed with such consummate and artistic simplicity of power that on a first reading the genius of the dramatist may well blind us to the violent unlikelihood of the action. But this very extravagance of self-sacrifice may be thought by some to add a crowning touch of pathos to the unsurpassable beauty of the scene in which her child, after the murder of his mother, relates her past sufferings to his uncle. Those to whom the great name of Webster represents merely an artist in horrors, a ruffian of genius, may be recommended to study every line and syllable of this brief dialogue.

Francisco. How now, my noble cousin
what, in black?

Giovanni. Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you

In virtue, and you [? now] must imitate me
In colors of your garments. My sweet mother is —

F. How! where?

G. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, sir, I'll not tell you,

For I shall make you weep.

F. Is dead?

G. Do not blame me now,

I did not tell you so.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

F. Dead!

Monticelso. Blest lady, thou art now above thy woes!

* * * * *

G. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear music, go a hunting, and be merry,
As we that live?

F. No, coz; they sleep.

G. Lord, Lord, that I were dead!
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

F. When God shall please.

G. Good God, let her sleep ever!
For I have known her wake an hundred nights
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, sir;

I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead :

They wrapped her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

F. Thou didst love her.

G. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dearly loved me,

Since princes seldom do it.

F. O, all of my poor sister that remains ! —
Take him away, for God's sake !

I must admit that I do not see how Shakespeare could have improved upon that. It seems to me that in any one of even his greatest tragedies this scene would have been remarkable among its most beautiful and perfect passages ; nor, upon the whole, do I remember a third English poet who could be imagined capable of having written it. And it affords, I think, very clear and sufficient evidence that Webster could not have handled so pathetic and suggestive a subject as the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her young husband in a style so thin and feeble, so shallow in expression of pathos and so empty of suggestion or of passion, as that in which it is presented at the close of "Sir Thomas Wyatt."

There is a perfect harmony of contrast between this and the death-scene of the boy's father ; the agony of the murdered murderer is as superb in effect of terror as the sorrow of his son is exquisite in effect of pathos. Again we are reminded of Shakespeare, by no touch of imitation but simply by a note of kinship in genius and in style, at the cry of Brachiano under the first sharp workings of the poison : —

O thou strong heart !

There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loth to break.

Another stroke well worthy of Shakespeare is the redeeming touch of grace in this brutal and cold blooded ruffian which gives him in his agony a thought of tender care for the accomplice of his atrocities : —

Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.

Few instances of Webster's genius are so well known as the brief but magnificent passage which follows ; yet it may not be impertinent to cite it once again.

Brachiano. O thou soft natural death, that art joint twin

To sweetest slumber ! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure ; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement ; the hoarse wolf

Scents not thy carrion ; pity winds thy corpse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vittoria. I am lost forever.

B. How miserable a thing it is to die

'Mongst women howling ! What are those ?

Flaminea.

Franciscans :

They have brought the extreme unction.

B. On pain of death, let no man name death to me ;

It is a word infinitely terrible.

The very tremor of moral and physical abjection from nervous defiance into prostrate fear which seems to pant and bluster and quail and subside in the natural cadence of these lines would suffice to prove the greatness of the artist who could express it with such terrible perfection ; but when we compare it, by collation of the two scenes, with the deep simplicity of tenderness, the childlike accuracy of innocent emotion, in the passage previously cited, it seems to me that we must admit, as an unquestionable truth, that in the deepest and highest and purest qualities of tragic poetry Webster stands nearer to Shakespeare than any other English poet stands to Webster ; and so much nearer as to be a good second ; while it is at least questionable whether even Shelley can reasonably be accepted as a good third. Not one among the predecessors, contemporaries, or successors of Shakespeare and Webster has given proof of this double faculty, — this coequal mastery of terror and pity, undiscorded and undistorted, but vivified and glorified, by the splendor of immediate and infallible imagination. The most grovelling realism could scarcely be so impudent in stupidity as to pretend an aim at more perfect presentation of truth ; the most fervent fancy, the most sensitive taste, could hardly dream of a desire for more exquisite expression of natural passion in a form of utterance more naturally exalted and refined.

In all the vast and voluminous records of critical error there can be discovered no falsehood more foolish or more flagrant than the vulgar tradition which represents this high-souled and gentle-hearted poet as one morbidly fascinated by a fantastic attraction towards the "violent delights" of horror and the nervous or sensational excitements of criminal detail ; nor can there be conceived a more perverse or futile misapprehension than that which represents John Webster as one whose instinct led him by some obscure and oblique propensity to darken the darkness of southern crime or vice by an infusion of northern seriousness, of introspective

cynicism and reflective intensity in wrongdoing, into the easy levity and infantile simplicity of spontaneous wickedness which distinguished the moral and social corruption of renescent Italy. Proof enough of this has already been adduced to make any protestation or appeal against such an estimate as preposterous in its superfluity as the misconception just mentioned is preposterous in its perversity. The great if not incomparable power displayed in Webster's delineation of such criminals as Flamineo and Bosola — Bonapartes in the bud, Napoleons in a nutshell, Cæsars who have missed their Rubicon and collapsed into the likeness of a Catiline — is a sign rather of his noble English loathing for the traditions associated with such names as Cæsar and Medici and Borgia, Catiline and Iscariot and Napoleon, than of any sympathetic interest in such incarnations of historic crime. Flamineo especially, the ardent pimp, the enthusiastic pandar, who prostitutes his sister and assassinates his brother with such earnest and single-hearted devotion to his own straightforward self-interest, has in him a sublime fervor of rascality which recalls rather the man of Brumaire and of Waterloo than the man of December and of Sedan. He has something too of Napoleon's ruffianly good-humor, the frankness of a thieves' kitchen or an imperial court, when the last thin fig-leaf of pretence has been plucked off and crumpled up and flung away. We can imagine him pinching his favorites by the ear and dictating memorials of mendacity with the self-possession of a self-made monarch. As it is, we see him only in the stage of parasite and pimp — more like the hired husband of a cast-off creole than the resplendent rogue who fascinated even history for a time by the clamor and glitter of his triumphs. But the fellow is unmistakably an emperor in the egg — so dauntless and frontless in the very abjection of his villany that we feel him to have been defrauded by mischance of the only two destinations appropriate for the close of his career, — a gibbet or a throne.

This imperial quality of ultimate perfection in egotism and crowning complacency in crime is wanting to his brother in atrocity, the most notable villain who figures on the stage of Webster's latest masterpiece. Bosola is not quite a possible Bonaparte — he is not even on a level with the bloody hirelings who execute the orders of tyranny and treason with the perfunctory atrocity of Anicetus or Saint-

Arnaud. There is not, or I am much mistaken, a touch of imaginative poetry in the part of Flamineo; his passion, excitable on occasion and vehement enough, is as prosaic in its homely and cynical eloquence as the most fervent emotions of a Napoleon or an Iago when warmed or goaded into elocution. The one is a human snake, the other is a human wolf. Webster could not with equal propriety have put into the mouth of Flamineo such magnificent lyric poetry as seems to fall naturally, however suddenly and strangely, from the bitter and bloodthirsty tongue of Bosola. To him, as to the baffled and incoherent ruffian Romelio in the contemporary play of "The Devil's Law-case," his creator has assigned the utterance of such verse as can only be compared to that uttered by Cornelia over the body of her murdered son in the tragedy to which I have just given so feeble and inadequate a word of tribute. In his command and in his use of the metre first made fashionable by the graceful improvisations of Greene, Webster seems to me as original and as peculiar as in his grasp and manipulation of character and event. All other poets, Shakespeare no less than Barnfield, and Milton no less than Wither, have used this lyric instrument for none but gentle or gracious ends; Webster has breathed into it the power to express a sublimer and a profounder tone of emotion; he has given it the cadence and the color of tragedy; he has touched and transfigured its note of meditative music into a chord of passionate austerity and prophetic awe. This was the key in which all previous poets had played upon the metre which Webster was to put to so deeply different an use.

Walking in a valley greene
Spred with Flora summer queene:
Where shee heaping all hir graces,
Niggard seemd in other places.

(Tullies Loue, p. 53, ed. 1589.)

Nights were short, and daies were long;
Blossoms on the Hawthorns hung:
Philomele (Night-Musiques King)
Tolde the coming of the spring.

(Grosart's Barnfield [1876], p. 97.)

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air.

(Love's Labor's Lost, act iv., sc. iii.)

And now let us hear Webster: —

Hearke, now every thing is still,
The Scritch-Owie, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud:

Much you had of Land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your minde,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't, fooles make such vaine keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping:
Their life, a generall mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storme of terror.
Strew your haire with powders sweete:
D'on cleane linnen, bath[e] your feete,
And (the foule feend more to checke)
A crucifixe let blesse your necke:
'Tis now full tide 'twene night and day,
End your groane, and come away.

(The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy:
1623: sig. K, K 2.)

The toll of the funeral rhythm, the heavy chime of the solemn and simple verse, the mournful menace and the brooding presage of its note, are but the covering, as it were, or the outer expression, of the tragic significance which deepens and quickens and kindles to its close. *Æschylus* and *Dante* have never excelled, nor perhaps have *Sophocles* and *Shakespeare* ever equalled in impression of terrible effect, the fancy of bidding a live woman array herself in the raiment of the grave, and do for her own living body the offices done for a corpse by the ministers attendant on the dead.

The murderous humorist whose cynical inspiration gives life to these deadly lines is at first sight a less plausible, but on second thoughts may perhaps seem no less possible a character than *Flamíneo*. Pure and simple ambition of the Napoleonic order is the motive which impels into infamy the aspiring parasite of *Brachiano*: a savage melancholy inflames the baffled greed of *Bosola* to a pitch of wickedness not unqualified by relenting touches of profitless remorse, which come always either too early or too late to bear any serviceable fruit of compassion or redemption. There is no deeper or more Shakespearean stroke of tragic humor in all Webster's writings than that conveyed in the scornful and acute reply — almost too acute perhaps for the character — of *Bosola's* remorseless patron to the remonstrance or appeal of his instrument against the insatiable excess and persistence of his cruelty, "Thy pity is nothing akin to thee." He has more in common with *Romelio* in "The Devil's Law-case," an assassin who misses his aim and flounders into penitence much as that discomfortable drama misses its point and stumbles into vacuity; and whose unsatisfactory figure looks either like a crude and unsuccessful study for that of *Bosola*, or a disproportioned and emasculated copy

from it. But to him too Webster has given the fitful force of fancy or inspiration which finds expression in such sudden snatches of funeral verse as this: —

How then can any monument say
"Here rest these bones till the last day,"
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the sexton kens not whither?
What care I, then, though my last sleep
Be in the desert or the deep,
No lamp nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found.

The villanous laxity of versification which deforms the grim and sardonic beauty of these occasionally rough and halting lines is perceptible here and there in "The Duchess of Malfy," but comes to its head in "The Devil's Law-case." It cannot, I fear, be denied that Webster was the first to relax those natural bonds of noble metre "whose service is perfect freedom" — as *Shakespeare* found it, and combined with perfect loyalty to its law the most perfect liberty of living and sublime and spontaneous and accurate expression. I can only conjecture that this greatest of the Shakespeareans was misguided out of his natural line of writing as exemplified and perfected in the tragedy of *Vittoria*, and lured into this cross and crooked byway of immetrical experiment, by the temptation of some theory or crotchet on the score of what is now called naturalism or realism; which, if there were any real or natural weight in the reasoning that seeks to support it, would of course do away, and of course ought to do away, with dramatic poetry altogether; for if it is certain that real persons do not actually converse in good metre, it is happily no less certain that they do not actually converse in bad metre. In the hands of so great a tragic poet as Webster a peculiar and impressive effect may now and then be produced by this anomalous and illegitimate way of writing; it certainly suits well with the thoughtful and fantastic truculence of *Bosola's* reflections on death and dissolution and decay — his "talk fit for a charnel," which halts and hovers between things hideous and things sublime. But it is a step on the downward way that leads to the negation or the confusion of all distinctions between poetry and prose; a result to which it would be grievous to think that the example of *Shakespeare's* greatest contemporary should in any way appear to conduce.

The doctrine or the motive of chance (whichever we may prefer to call it) is seen

in its fullest workings and felt in its furthest bearings by the student of Webster's masterpiece. The fifth act of "The Duchess of Malfy" has been assailed on the very ground which it should have been evident to a thoughtful and capable reader that the writer must have intended to take up — on the ground that the whole upshot of the story is dominated by sheer chance, arranged by mere error, and guided by pure accident. No formal scheme or religious principle of retribution would have been so strangely or so thoroughly in keeping with the whole scheme and principle of the tragedy. After the overwhelming terrors and the overpowering beauties of that unique and marvellous fourth act in which the genius of this poet spreads its fullest and its darkest wing for the longest and the strongest of its flights, it could not but be that the subsequent action and passion of the drama should appear by comparison unimpressive or ineffectual; but all the effect or impression possible of attainment under the inevitable burden of this difficulty is achieved by natural and simple and straightforward means. If Webster has not made the part of Antonio dramatically striking and attractive — as he probably found it impossible to do — he has at least bestowed on the fugitive and unconscious widower of his murdered heroine a pensive and manly grace of deliberate resignation which is not without pathetic as well as poetical effect. In the beautiful and well-known scene where the echo from his wife's unknown and new-made grave seems to respond to his meditative mockery and forewarn him of his impending death, Webster has given such reality and seriousness to an old commonplace of contemporary fancy or previous fashion in poetry that we are fain to forget the fantastic side of the conception and see only the tragic aspect of its meaning. A weightier objection than any which can be brought against the conduct of the play might be suggested to the minds of some readers — and these, perhaps, not too exacting or too captious readers — by the sudden vehemence of transformation which in the great preceding act seems to fall like fire from heaven upon the two chief criminals who figure on the stage of murder. It seems rather a miraculous retribution, a judicial violation of the laws of nature, than a reasonably credible consequence or evolution of those laws, which strikes Ferdinand with madness and Bosola with repentance. But the whole atmosphere of the action is

so charged with thunder that this double and simultaneous shock of moral electricity rather thrills us with admiration and faith than chills us with repulsion or distrust. The passionate intensity and moral ardor of imagination which we feel to vibrate and penetrate through every turn and every phrase of the dialogue would suffice to enforce upon our belief a more nearly incredible revolution of nature or revulsion of the soul.

It is so difficult for even the very greatest poets to give any vivid force of living interest to a figure of passive endurance that perhaps the only instance of perfect triumph over this difficulty is to be found in the character of Desdemona. Shakespeare alone could have made her as interesting as Imogen or Cordelia; though these have so much to do and dare, and she after her first appearance has simply to suffer; even Webster could not give such individual vigor of characteristic life to the figure of his martyr as to the figure of his criminal heroine. Her courage and sweetness, her delicacy and sincerity, her patience and her passion, are painted with equal power and tenderness of touch; yet she hardly stands before us as distinct from others of her half angelic sisterhood as does the White Devil from the fellowship of her comrades in perdition.

But it is only with Shakespeare that Webster can ever be compared in any way to his disadvantage as a tragic poet; above all others of his country he stands indisputably supreme. The place of Marlowe indeed is higher among our poets by right of his primacy as a founder and a pioneer; but of course his work has not — as of course it could not have — that plenitude and perfection of dramatic power in construction and dramatic subtlety in detail which the tragedies of Webster share in so large a measure with the tragedies of Shakespeare. Marston, the poet with whom he has most in common, might almost be said to stand in the same relation to Webster as Webster to Shakespeare. In single lines and phrases, in a few detached passages and a very few distinguishable scenes, he is worthy to be compared with the greater poet; he suddenly rises and dilates to the stature and the strength of a model whom usually he can but follow afar off. Marston, as a tragic poet, is not quite what Webster would be if his fame depended simply on such scenes as those in which the noble mother of Vittoria breaks off her daughter's first interview with Brachiano — spares, and commends to God's forgive-

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ness, the son who has murdered his brother before her eyes—and lastly appears “in several forms of distraction,” “grown a very old woman in two hours,” and singing that most pathetic and imaginative of all funereal invocations which the finest critic of all time so justly and so delicately compared to the watery dirge of Ariel. There is less refinement, less exaltation and perfection of feeling, less tenderness of emotion and less nobility of passion, but hardly less force and fervor, less weighty and sonorous ardor of expression, in the very best and loftiest passages of Marston; but his genius is more uncertain, more fitful and intermittent, less harmonious, coherent, and trustworthy than Webster’s. And Webster, notwithstanding an occasional outbreak into Aristophanic license of momentary sarcasm through the sardonic lips of such a cynical ruffian as Ferdinand or Flameneo, is without exception the cleanliest, as Marston is beyond comparison the coarsest writer of his time. In this as in other matters of possible comparison that “vessel of deathless wrath,” the implacable and inconsolable poet of sympathy half maddened into rage and aspiration goaded backwards to despair,—it should be needless to add the name of Cyril Tourneur,—stands midway between these two more conspicuous figures of their age. But neither the father and master of poetic pessimists, the splendid and sombre creator of Vindice and his victims, nor any other third whom our admiration may discern among all the greatest of their fellows, can be compared with Webster on terms more nearly equal than those on which Webster stands in relation to the sovereign of them all.

From Temple Bar.

A COURT CHAPLAIN.

IN the “Reminiscences of a Court Chaplain” there is an anecdote related of the king of Hanover, which is very apposite at the present time. The king was taken ill. The court doctors were called in. Various drugs were sent to his Majesty to cure his complaint. He, however, had a decided objection to swallow any medicine, and when any arrived he told his valet to “put it in the cupboard.” His Majesty was soon convalescent, and when the doctors, smirking and smiling, came to congratulate him, they found all their bottles, powders, and pill-boxes ranged in a

row round the room. When they told the aged monarch he was looking so well, “Yes, doctors,” said his Majesty, “thank God it is so. But look there, count it up. Don’t you think if I had drunk all that d—d stuff I should have been dead long ago?” The British nation, alas, has not been so wise as the shrewd old king; for the last six years it has been swallowing “the d—d stuff” prescribed for it by its grand old medicine man, till every interest in the country is suffering. Trade and agriculture are in a comatose state, and life and property insecure. The author of all these misfortunes, unabashed by failure, has now invented a “corpse-reviver,” which is to restore Great Britain to prosperity and make Ireland the abode of “sweetness and light.” The proposal of this remedy has led to a frantic stampede of enthusiasts. Lord Hartington would not even hear of the contents of the mixture. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, more confiding, were persuaded to have both a sight and a smell of it, but the result was so disappointing, that they would have nothing to do with it unless the mixture is entirely changed, and changed it must be. The grand old medicine man has arrived at a time of life when the capacity of the mind is sometimes strangely diminished. The wise Duke of Marlborough was aware of this, for when advanced in years, he requested that he might no longer be summoned to give an opinion on the great affairs of State, for though he was himself unconscious of the decay of his intellect, yet such decay there might be, and his advice might be detrimental to the interests of England. Our “grand old man” does not possess the serene mind of the great duke, for any opposition to his absurd projects causes his temper to be on the move. He rather resembles the aged Archbishop of Granada, who when Gil Blas mildly hinted to him that his sermons smelt of apoplexy, fell into a furious passion and dismissed him in disgrace, although he had asked him for his candid opinion. Mr. Gladstone has no Gil Blas to warn him of his errors, for his confidants seem to be “My son Herbert,” and the irrepressible Mr. Malcolm MacColl, whose united ideas on any imaginable subject would be as valuable as those of a London sparrow. When Barzillai, at the age of eighty, was invited by David to go with him to Jerusalem, he refused saying, “Can I discern between good and evil?” Mr. Gladstone seems to have lost all discernment.

A great medical authority has stated

that when the mind is perplexed there is nothing so soothing as a little light reading. In the "Reminiscences of a Court Chaplain," we have found the book we want. It is very light indeed. It is also very discursive, for the motto on the book is, "De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." When the biography of our great novelist appeared, it was said it ought to have been entitled the "Life of John Forster, with some Reminiscences of Charles Dickens." Well, we think the book we are about to review ought to be entitled the "Life and Adventures of a Court Chaplain, with some Anecdotes of the King of Hanover."

The Reverend Charles Allix Wilkinson received the appointment of court chaplain to the king of Hanover through the instrumentality of the kind-hearted Dr. Wellesley, the dean of Windsor, who was at that time rector of Strathfieldsaye. Mr. Wilkinson was at first rather frightened at the idea of such a formidable personage as the king of Hanover, but his fears were removed and he accepted the post.

All was now settled. I ordered my full robes of that splendid silk which one sees nowhere but in England, and which called from the many an expression of astonishment when I made my appearance among the heavy cloth gowns of the German clergy. I ordered a plain court suit, with lace and ruffles—and some broad silver buckles of old pattern that had belonged to my great-grandfather, were now burnished up afresh, and were far more massive than any modern ones. I called upon a noble friend, and begged him to present me at the next levée, upon my appointment as domestic chaplain to King Ernest.

No doubt the court chaplain's appearance at levée, "in robes of splendid silk," created a great sensation, and her Majesty doubtless regarded with the greatest interest the daring ecclesiastic who was to have the conscience of her terrible uncle in his keeping. There is an interesting anecdote giving a characteristic account of the presentation of Mrs. Wilkinson at the court of our sailor king.

I may mention here a curious incident that happened at my wife's presentation to William IV. She was a very pretty girl, though I say it, and had been asked by the noble editor to have her portrait taken for the "Book of Beauty." She was duly presented at the drawing-room by her mother, and was handed off by her grandfather, General Sir Thomas Dallas, a great friend of William IV.

"Halloa!" said his Majesty, "who's that, Dallas?" "That's my granddaughter, sir." "Hum, here, come back, my dear!" said the king. "I must have another kiss. It's only

you and I, Dallas, who have such grand-daughters," and the blunt old sailor gave her no mere salute of ceremony, but a real good smack!

The court chaplain soon started on his journey to Hanover. On his arrival at the Prussian frontier, the head official began studying the passport, which announced that "the Reverend Charles Allix Wilkinson, master of arts, late fellow of King's College, was travelling with family and servants to take up his position in Hanover as *Haus Caplan Seiner Majestät des Königs*." After reading this important document, the official began an eye movement, which the court chaplain imagined at first to be "a natural stringhalt," but it turned out to be a real wink. "I, who can wink," writes the court chaplain, "answered his telegraphic signal by the same in the opposite eye." After a series of prolonged winks on both sides an understanding was arrived at. The official received two dollars, and the boxes, which contained amongst other treasures, "the full robes of splendid silk," remained unexplored. We have doubts as to the correctness of the court chaplain's conduct on the occasion, as we think he ought to have rendered unto Cæsar his rightful dues. The court chaplain on his arrival in Hanover was graciously received by the king, who particularly enquired if he was acquainted with Ogden's sermons, much admired by George the Third, which were full of wisdom, and only lasted *twenty minutes*. The court chaplain took the hint, and composed what he calls an Ogden-pithy sermon for his first attempt.

The king did not require his services for some time, but on the fifth of November the great event came off. At eleven o'clock the folding doors of the ante-room were thrown open, and the king appeared with Lady Jersey on his arm, followed by her two daughters, Lady Clementina and Lady Adela. The court chaplain at first was confused, nervous, and trembling, but he bore himself bravely up.

I made my bow, which His Majesty most graciously returned. Two pages of the back stairs opened the double doors leading into the chapel, and stood at stiff attention on each side. The Hof-Marshall, with his staff of office, then led the way, and evidently seemed to expect that His Majesty and the cortège would follow him. But no; with a dignified movement, the old king motioned to me with his hand, and said, "Doctor, I follow the Church;" and so the chaplain headed the procession, the whole congregation standing

in due respect till the royal party had taken their seats.

The court chaplain's Ogden-pithy sermon was of the extreme Protestant type. He recounted the horrors of the Powder Plot and the wicked designs of the Jesuits with wondrous skill. At the end of his discourse his Majesty again made the court chaplain lead the procession back, and the approving king thus addressed him: "Doctor (the court chaplain was delighted at the appellation, he very properly would not allow anybody to call him a parson), I am delighted to find that your opinions, political and divine, coincide exactly with my own. Come and dine with me, and we'll talk more about it."

No doubt I was the hero of that day, and I certainly considered this gave me the post of honor, for I was placed between two of the most charming young girls of whom England could boast—Lady Clementina Villiers and her sister—most affable, most kind, most natural, and pleased with everything; the former the most lovely, the most beautiful of all the beauties of our high aristocracy; and, as far as I could judge, without a grain of conceit in her. Dear angelic creature!

"I enjoyed myself," writes the enraptured court chaplain, "on account of the exquisite affability of the beauteous charmers on either side of me." No doubt he did. Not Alexander at the royal feast for Persia won, with lovely Thais sitting by his side; not Pepys when he was admitted to see Lely painting the portrait of the beautiful Lady Castlemaine in her own hair; not Goldsmith, when dressed in a plum-colored velvet suit furnished by the confiding Filby, and flirting with Jessamy Bride, were in so great a state of ecstasy. None but the brave deserve the fair! and had not the court chaplain defied the Church of Rome and all its works? Had he not exposed the plots of the Jesuits, and would not the machinations of this terrible conspiracy against free thought be directed against their audacious accuser, who in an Ogden-pithy had exposed its iniquity? But there ought to be moderation in all things, and we think some of the accusations against Romanists had better have been omitted. The following account of the wicked conduct imputed to Belgian priests may be satisfactorily explained.

Brussels had been a place of note for my young wife; for when she was last there, two years before, abroad for the first time—and walking alone with her mother—she saw half-a-dozen burly priests pass in those extraordinary hats which every one now knows who

has been abroad—but which she, not having been abroad, had never seen. She was duly astonished, and in her innocence turned round to have another look at the strange party. One of them, an impudent villain—I can call him nothing else—also turned round, and, to her utter consternation, deliberately winked at her, as she immediately told her mother—her only companion.

We really hope there is no foundation for this story. The supposed delinquent may have had a "natural stringhalt in his eye." We ourselves knew a case where a very jealous and irritable squire had invited a newly arrived parson to dinner, who occupied the place of honor. The unfortunate man had a complaint which occasioned a continual movement in his right eye. The squire looked daggers at him, but still the supposed winking continued, till at last he rose in his wrath, taking up the carving knife exclaiming: "I have a public duty to perform. That man has been winking at my wife all dinner time. I'll cut his throat." And he would infallibly have executed his threat, if a kind relative had not tripped him up. Besides this, there is the well-known case of Mr. Pickwick, who was accused of winking at the fascinating Mrs. Pott at the Eatanswill election. "I see'd him a-winking with his vicked old eye," roared out one of the mob, and poor Mr. Pickwick to his horror heard himself compared to an aged ram!

The court chaplain was renowned as a waltzer. All the courts of Europe had been amazed at the lightning rapidity with which he whirled about the ballroom. At the court of Hanover, however, he only distinguished himself once at a court ball.

The King passed, and said, "Doctor, don't you dance?" "Yes, sir," I said; and I took my wife, who was standing by (unexpectedly disengaged, as she was much in request for her good dancing, and had at times opened the balls with one or two of the King's stepsons). We had a delightful waltz, much to the surprise of many—not only that a pastor should dance at all, but that he should be able to dance as fast, or faster than any of them. But the fact was, I had been three years on the Continent, as a young unmarried man, working, after I had left Cambridge, for the diplomatic service, in which I had been promised an attaché-ship; and I had danced at various Courts and in many palaces of the great with the best and swiftest of the natives, particularly at Dresden, where they were noted for their prowess on the "light fantastic toe."

The court chaplain on this occasion was the cynosure of every eye, but alas! some of his congregation were averse to

his saltatory performances. In fact he danced too well. Sydney Smith said he had no objection to a clergyman hunting, provided he rolled in the saddle and turned out his toes professionally.

Here is another incident at the court ball.

But another case, that astonished the natives still more, was that of a noted gallant officer in Highland uniform, not only with brawny bare legs, but tattooed all over with lizards, snakes, tortoises, etc., most beautifully and artistically drawn and colored by the natives of Burmah, where he had long been quartered. A little German baroness—too old and ugly, one might have thought, to have scruples or prejudices of delicacy in such a case, burst forth in horror, "Oh! gracious! what is that? At a Court Ball! in Ladies' society! Thick, hairy, naked legs! but that is too much! wonderful, not to say vulgar! And that the Queen Victoria allows?"

The court chaplain is of opinion that "naked ourang-outang legs at a court ball savor more of barbaric than civilized fashion, and ought not to be tolerated in civilized society." He tells us that he once saw a burly, red-legged Highlander sit down next the beautiful Countess Guiccioli, who jumped up as if she was shot, and though she did not say a word, gave full expression to her feelings by a look of withering scorn as she walked away in dignified stateliness.

"Ernest is not a bad fellow," said William the Fourth; "but he will tread on people's corns," and certainly the anecdotes related by the court chaplain prove with what a heavy tread he tortured the sufferers. On one occasion he said at dinner to "an old and very dirty nobleman," high in rank and office, "Glad to see you out again. It's something to have got a clean bill of health."

But the attitude he adopted to a foolish elderly lady who came to his ball dressed *en enfant* was most wonderful. There is a poem written in ridicule of the fears of Protestants with respect to Catholic Emancipation. The alarmists were proclaiming that faggots would again be in use.

And Huskisson, who goes the coals to screen, Will count how many pecks can burn a Dean.

Canning added the following four lines:—

Yes, Deans shall burn, and warming by the fire,
With face averted from the funeral pyre—
Irreverent posture—Harrowby shall stand,
And hold his coat flaps up with either hand.

"*Irreverent posture.*" His Majesty followed the example of Lord Harrowby in

his treatment of the foolish old woman who appeared as a vestal virgin.

His Majesty, as he went along, spoke a few words here and there to some favored lady, but when he came to this great white figure, drawn up stiff, and motionless, he bent his piercing one eye forward, satisfied himself that it was the white porcelain stove, and, rearing round, turned towards it that part of his body which an Englishman is said never to expose to friend or foe, and deliberately pretended to warm himself.

On another occasion at dinner the Duke of Altenburg, who was in poor circumstances, father of the crown princess, sat nearly opposite to the king. During a pause his Majesty called across the table, "Joseph, a glass of champagne—you *don't get that every day at home.*"

One day the Hof-Marshall came in bearing in his hand a large despatch, with a broad black rim of deep mourning. It was the official announcement of the death of an old archduchess of Austria. The king, who had sent out cards for a court ball, declined to realize this interesting fact, and said without breaking the seal, "There—there, take it away. I know all about it—let her die next week."

But the king's character is best portrayed in his correspondence with Lord Strangford, published in the "Lives of the Three Strangfords," a book which although not successful in finding readers is in our opinion deeply interesting.

King Ernest seems to have held in abhorrence the Germans whom he rightly or wrongly believed to have influence at the court of England. He belabors the amiable Baron Bunsen and the faithful Baron Stockmar with an unsparing pen. He was horrified at the court's patronage of the celebrated Exhibition of 1851, and prophesies a revolution because some National Guards came over to enjoy the sights of London.

In the following letter the king pours the vials of his wrath on the Prussian minister.

Normanby has been playing a dangerous game of late at Paris in conjunction with the Prussian Minister, all under the machinations of that great vagabond Bunsen, who boasts of having Prince Albert in his hands, which to a certain point I most firmly believe . . . Every government ought to be most careful in the choice of their diplomatists, for which situation not only cleverness and good temper are requisite, but equally a man bred and born a gentleman, and possessing the qualities of one . . . Bunsen, you know, was originally a schoolmaster, and, as I hear, is most intimate

with Prince Albert, who, being equally half-bred at the University of Bonn, has there inbibed all the faults and Radical principles and philosophy taught at that university, which I for one consider the *foyer* of everything that is Radical and Republican — in short, completely rotten.

There was a great discussion the other day about Baron Stockmar, whose character has been so painfully dissected by Karoline Bauer. The king of Hanover's letter rather confirms the account given by the indignant actress.

I will tell you an anecdote of the origin of this worthy. He was what is called a company surgeon in a Prussian regiment, which is neither more or less than a man employed in shaving the company, and preparing plasters and dressings in the regimental hospital, and this he was in 1816, when Leopold was sent for to England by the late Lord Castlereagh. Leopold had the misfortune of having a malady, for which Stockmar attended him, and he accompanied his patient to London; and Leopold, having used him to write his letters, when not employing him as a surgeon, persuaded him to stay, and he became his majordomo, and by degrees his prime councillor, and being very intriguing, he employed him upon any business, *and, perhaps, as you know Leopold was always a great admirer of the fair sex, he may have employed him in that branch of affairs.* Now, is this a man to be entrusted at the head of a Ministry to consider the interests of the Germans? To be sure, having previously named Leiningen, the greatest ass and complete cut-throat, as Prime Minister, one can easily form a judgment whether John Lackland* is fit for the task he has ambitiously undertaken.

The king of Hanover was always groaning over the admission of Dissenters and Jews into Parliament. In the following letter to Lord Strangford, there is a wail of dissatisfaction, at the idea of the emancipating the children of Israel. Wonderful to relate the king prided himself on his tolerance, just as Sir Anthony Absolute did on his good temper. His was the same kind of tolerance as an aged bencher's who voted against the admission of a Jew to the bar. Somebody told him he thought it was a hard case. "Not at all," said the bencher, "let the d—d fellow turn Christian."

The idea of admitting Jews to Parliament is to me revolting in the extreme, and though I believe no man can be more tolerant in his political opinions than I am respecting every religion, provided the individual is true to his religion, still the idea of admitting persons who deny the existence of our Saviour is to

me too horrid to think of. I for one was a staunch opposer, in '28, when our worthy friend Wellington proposed doing away with the Corporation and Test Act; that, once given up, has, believe me, been the first shake to our holy mother Church. . . . All this comes from sacrificing name and good principles for popularity sake, and to what you call "public feeling." I suppose ere long we shall have Rothschild created Duke of Jerusalem, and sitting in the House of Lords; and who knows whether a Moses, Solomon, or Montefiore may not be created Lord Chancellor and Keeper of Queen Victoria's conscience!

Oh, if the king of Hanover had lived to see Mr. Disraeli prime minister, Sir Farrer Herschell lord chancellor, and Rothschild, the future Duke of Jerusalem, sitting in the House of Lords!

King Ernest took great interest in the appointment of bishops. When he sat in the House of Lords, he was often heard in conversation, garnished with oaths which would have shocked the army which swore so terribly in Flanders, assuring the successors of the Apostles of his attachment to the holy mother Church. He attributes the loss of influence of the bishops to their change of costume. He relates with great approval how George the Third refused to receive Dr. Randolph, the new Bishop of London, until he had shaved his head and bewigged himself.

I maintain that the first change and shock in the ecclesiastical habits was the bishops being allowed to lay aside their wigs, their purple coats, short cassocks, and stockings, and cocked hats, when appearing in public; for I can remember when Bishop Hurd of Worcester, Courtenay of Exeter, and Markham Archbishop of York, resided in Kew and its vicinity, that, as a boy, I met them frequently walking about, dressed as I now tell you, in the fields and walks in the neighborhood, and their male servants appeared equally all dressed in purple, which was the custom. The present Bishop of Oxford* was the first who persuaded George IV. to be allowed to lay aside his wig, because his wife found him better looking without it.

To the king's utter amazement, Dr. Musgrave, the son of a Cambridge tradesman, was appointed Archbishop of York.

Conceive! the newly appointed Archbishop of York's father was a taylor (*sic*), and measured Wilkinson here and made his breeches; consequently you will agree with me he is neither born or bred a gentleman, and cannot know what thereunto belongs. . . . Westmoreland confirms this information, and also employed him as a breeches maker! Now I ask you, is that a man fit to sit upon the bench?

* The Archduke John.

* Dr. Bagot.

The court chaplain informs us that the king of Hanover was in error in stating that Mr. Musgrave measured "Wilkinson for his breeches." It was for Lord Westmoreland, who imitated the attire of his father "Old Rapid," that the precious garment was made. King Ernest must have forgotten that his father, "the good old king," during the interregnum caused by the fall of the Shelburne ministry, seized the opportunity to appoint Dr. Moore, the son of a butcher at Gloucester, to the post of Archbishop of Canterbury, and an excellent appointment it was. The social condition of tailors is improved. The late Mr. Poole was received in illustrious circles; once he complained, in answer to a question, that the company in a great house was a "little mixed." "Why, hang it," said his customer, a distinguished masher, "you didn't expect to meet all tailors." Poor Mr. Poole died of a bad fit, which an unfeeling dramatist declared was a very proper end — for a tailor.

The court chaplain devotes some pages of his reminiscences to the curious ideas they have in Germany of the art of washing. At a village inn the fare was good, but in the morning when a washing apparatus was demanded, the court chaplain was conducted to the pump, and a table napkin, fine and small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief, was given to him. Another gentleman fared worse, for having insisted to the lady of the house where he was staying, on the necessity of tubbing, a suspicious delit wore article with two handles, into which he could scarcely set one of his feet was brought him, and, to his unutterable horror, at his first Sunday dinner, this very article appeared on the table with the special soup which it was the custom to serve on that special day.

We knew a Frau Baronine at Hanover who told my wife she never used anything but snow-water, which was best for her tang — *teint* (she was between fifty and sixty). She bottled the snow in March, and she had a little in a cup every morning, and so made it last through the whole summer. That was her idea of the luxury of the bath.

Lord Strangford, who was on a visit to the king, witnessed at a royal dinner the struggles of the court chaplain with a serious difficulty. He had a stale oyster in his mouth, and his agonized question to himself was, "What shall I do with it?" Perhaps bad oysters were considered as delicacies at the court of Hanover. George the First revelled in them.

I remember his being intensely amused, and,

as he said, intensely horrified at me one day at the royal table. He saw me in the agony of having taken a bad oyster into my mouth. He said, I let go as sharp as a hungry jack does when he has struck on the moment a toad which a boy has thrown him instead of a frog; but then he watched to see what I should do. I could not follow the jack's plan; I could not jump up from my place. Something must be done; whatever was done, 'twere well it were done quickly! He was amused at my decision. Quick as one treats a cricket-ball from the hand of a swift bowler; half a glass of sherry, a sharp bolt, and the other half glass of wine, and the thing was done.

We do not think the court chaplain's deportment was equal to the occasion. A great nobleman of the court of Marie Antoinette was once staying at Woburn, when a bottle of some exquisite old wine was sent for from the cellar. The French duke took a glass of the precious liquid, and, in answer to a question, announced with an immovable countenance that it was *parfait*. The Duke of Bedford then tasted it, and immediately got up spitting and spluttering, roaring out, "Why, d—n it, it is castor oil."

The court chaplain was mistaken in attributing to the emperor Francis of Austria the belief that eagles had two heads. It was his son, the imbecile emperor Ferdinand, who thought that eagles had two heads as represented in the imperial arms. The emperor Ferdinand when crown prince once said a good thing. At a dinner party a discussion took place as to what was the strongest part of a man's person. The crown prince said, "It must be the nose. For Metternich has for years been leading my father by the nose, and yet it is as strong as ever."

The court chaplain gives some curious details about sport in Hanover. He was once asked out to a day's partridge shooting, but the great results of the day were an innocent roe and a fox, four barrels being fired into each. No partridge was killed.

I told this story to our minister, Mr. Bligh, when I got home, and he capped it by saying that a few days before he was shooting with a friend of his, Count —. They were also ranged in line — five guns, including the head-keeper, with his double-barrel. When they moved on, all of a sudden the keeper rushed forward, actually in front of him (Mr. B.), shot and killed six partridges, which he had seen running down between the turnips. Count — came up, and slapped Mr. Bligh on the shoulder, saying, "There's a keeper for you! What a sight he has! He spied the whole covey moving, and killed half of them."

"Well," said Mr. Bligh, "I can't join in complimenting your keeper. In our country, they don't carry guns when guests are there, and certainly, if they did, would never take a shot from one of their master's party." "Oh! but you didn't see them; you might have lost them; *et six à la fois, mon ami, six à la fois!*"

There are several stories related by the court chaplain respecting the eccentricities of the king's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, who would give vent quite loudly to the thoughts current in his mind during divine service. When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the duke added audibly, "With all my heart." On another occasion, as we have heard, he said, "Why the devil shouldn't we." Once, as the unfortunate curate was reading the story of Zaccheus, "Behold the half of my goods I give to the poor," the duke astonished the congregation by saying aloud, "No, no! I can't do that, that's too much for any man — no objection to a tenth." In answer to "Thou shalt not steal," the duke remarked, "No, I never did steal anything, except some apples when I was quite a little boy." Once the duke objected to the prayer for rain on account of the wind, "No use praying for rain in a north-east wind." The prayer for rain sometimes causes quarrels in country parishes. We knew a case of a farmer rushing to the squire to complain of his parson's selfishness, "Directly he gets up his own rubbishing piece of hay," said the irritated agriculturist, "he begins to pray for rain!" The court chaplain informs us that the curate of Kew got so nervous at the continual interruptions of his Royal Highness that he resigned his appointment.

The court chaplain gives some anecdotes about Rowland Hill, Spurgeon, and Moody, which are rather lively. With regard to the latter we very much doubt if his sensational services produced any permanent effect. We have rather a prejudice against the seven thousand people who used to attend his services. There used to be a crossing sweeper near the University Club, a Crimean warrior, with medals and a wooden leg. One day, when about to cross over his domain, we were prevented by a large crowd rushing to her Majesty's theatre. We said to our friend, "Why, Moody and Sankey must be making your fortune." "I'll tell you what, governor," was the answer, "they are a rotten lot, they never guv me nothing." And so it was, for we observed the intending worshippers never gave even a far-

thing to the disgusted veteran. Moody never neglected any opportunity in preaching. He went into the city to insure his life; having done so he said, "I have insured my wretched body, but who is to insure my miserable soul?" A matter-of-fact clerk answered, "Our Mr. Thompson of the Fire Department will see after that."

The deceased wife's sister's bill is about to be debated in the House of Lords. We strongly recommend the ideas of the court chaplain on this subject to the consideration of intending supporters of this proposal. If the bill passes, it will be further developed. Here is a description of the marriage between a nephew and his aunt well stricken in years.

They sat hand clasped in hand, which they only released now and then to allow them to satisfy nature, in taking some necessary food. Afterwards, they had reserved seats on a raised sofa, where they sat with arms round each other's waist, and where they received a sort of homage from their guests, and did not hesitate to carry on, between themselves and with any of their friends, constant osculation in face of the whole company, the elderly bride appearing to take a decided lead.

We must finish our article with some observations with respect to the character of the king of Hanover as a ruler. We happened to be passing through Hanover on his last birthday (in 1851), and certainly the loyal feeling showed to him on that day was of the warmest character. The court chaplain tells an interesting story of some democrats talking about royalty in Germany. They expressed the most unbounded contempt for the king of Prussia. When the king of Hanover's name was mentioned, the leader of the revolutionists stood up and said, "For him, I take off my hat; he is a man, although a king." The king had behaved admirably during the troubles of '48. He made concessions. The other sovereigns did the same, but they retracted them at the first opportunity. King Ernest when he had given his word kept it. He refused to follow the shabby example of others. When urged by Austria and Prussia to restore the *ancien régime*, the king answered that "he had pledged his royal word, and it was not his idea of justice or equity to retract that. What was done was done."

Hanover is now a province of the great empire of Germany, yet thousands of Hanoverians look back with regret to the days of their stern old king.

From Longman's Magazine.

"BLACK CROWS:"

AN EPISODE OF "OLD VAN DIEMEN."

HE had never heard of the "enthusiasm of humanity"—the expression was not in fashion in his day, and, if it had been, I doubt whether he would have understood it; for he was only an Australian stock-rider, a "Sydney cornstalk" born, who had never read a book in his life except the Bible, and perhaps not very much of that, and was more familiar with bush-craft and horsemanship than with abstract principles of any sort. Yet, if actions prove anything, the thing which that famous phrase has come to stand for was not altogether unknown to him.

It was in Van Diemen's Land—we hadn't heard of Tasmania in those days—that I made Jack Hepburn's acquaintance. At that time he was in the employ of my friend Allardyce on the Emu Plains, and had been so for about two years—the only free stockman on the run. Allardyce—himself one of the finest fellows that ever stepped—had unbounded confidence in him, and looked to him as a sort of sheet-anchor in the midst of the endless troubles and annoyances arising out of a supply of convict labor. He was a tough, muscular, black-bearded fellow, a trifle over six feet, and fairly good-looking; active in his movements, but slow and very sparing of his speech, and not particularly remarkable for anything unless it were his scrupulous honesty and strict truthfulness.

I had left the colony when the incident happened which I am about to relate. I heard various accounts of it afterwards, and the substance of them, as nearly as I can give it, is pretty much as follows:—

There were four of them up in the bush at the hut known as "Dicey's," one clear January evening. Dicey, the hut-keeper—a grizzled old sinner, popularly reported to have been one of the first arrivals in Sydney, though I have reason to believe that this is incorrect—was busy cooking inside; Jack Hepburn sat on a stump a little way from the door, plaiting a new lash for his stock whip; and the other two—"hands" both of them, and of a pretty bad type—lounged in the doorway, chewing tobacco and carrying on a low, growling conversation.

Now Jack was a good-natured, kindly fellow enough; but he never forgot the difference between himself and these men, and never allowed them to forget it; and, naturally enough, they detested him. No doubt this was scarcely Christian charity,

but Jack was not a perfect character—very far from it—and, in justice to him, it must be remembered that, in spite of natural prejudices, in his own phrase "he never liked to be rough on a hand as wanted to behave hisself decently," which, on the whole, was not the deepest desire of the two specimens before us. But even a worm will turn, and, though they doubtless fully deserved the curt contempt and lordly superciliousness with which he treated them, they didn't like it.

All this by the way. Jack was not paying any particular attention to the dialogue going on in the doorway—it was not his habit to take an interest in the conversation of those gentlemen, which, it must be allowed, showed a certain monotony—when his ear was caught by a much-emphasized assertion as to the shooting of crows. He knew that, in their dialect, this word was applied to bronze-colored and featherless bipeds oftener than to black and feathered ones; and he was well acquainted with the reckless disregard of life—not confined to convicts either—shown towards the unlucky natives of the island. It was a curious trait in Jack Hepburn's character—considering the universal and deeply rooted prejudice of all colonial Englishmen—that his naturally strong sense of justice suffered no bias or abrogation where "black fellows" were concerned. Perhaps his experience of convict whites and his sojourn among the wild tribes of the bush (I know his wanderings had been wide and adventurous before he settled on Allardyce's run) had shaken his belief in the comparative worthlessness of the latter. However it may be accounted for—and I am not writing an analytic dissertation on his character, I am only telling his story—such was the fact. And he knew that there was a tribe of natives not very far off; he had seen their tracks in the bush that very day.

So he listened, without seeming to hear, while one of the two—a lowering, sullen-faced creature, with small eyes, a retreating forehead, and cruel jaw—gave a circumstantial statement of a wanton murder committed some months before. Facts of the kind may be found in plenty by those who care to read the cruel record.

Then he looked up and said in his quietest tones,—

"Hawk Williams, that might do well enough on the Tamar, but I tell you I won't have it *here*."

"Hawk" Williams gave a brutal laugh; the other man stared and whistled.

"What — call hev *you* got to meddle? Who the — made *you* boss of this here consarn?"

"Call or no call, I *won't* — have it," said Jack Hepburn, giving a twist to the end of his whip-lash.

"How'll you stop it?" sneered Williams. "There's no law agin the killin' of black crows, is there? Meredith on the Tamar was glad enough to have 'em picked off, and so will Allardyce be for that matter."

"I know better'n that," said Jack Hepburn, and finished his work reflectively, without lifting his eyes, for his soul was stirred within him. He knew that the man's words were on the whole perfectly true — that he had no force of law or public opinion to back him; that he had no authority over these men to compel them to refrain from such a deed should they wish to do it; that Allardyce, who he felt sure would be on his side, was miles away at the station, and that he had heard Allardyce's partner, Kearney, treat such things as the merest trifles. And, as he thought, the slowly smouldering fires of his disgust and indignation burnt through their embers and leapt up into words.

"I don't know," he said slowly, looking full in "Hawk" Williams's evil face — "I don't know about the law and what folks think; but I *do* know this; that if I saw a chap doin' as you said just now — firin' on them poor helpless critters, women, kids, and all, for pure sport — I'd just shoot that fellow where he stood."

"I'd like to see you," laughed Hawk. "I always knew you were a mean-spirited cuss, but you'd never dare that. I've a good mind to try. Hallo!"

Jack Hepburn turned and followed the direction of his eye. His own, trained to the bush, at once detected the slight movement in the scrub, and knew what caused it. Williams had turned into the hut.

"Look, Hawk!" said Cass, the other convict, who had not as yet spoken, seeing him come out again with a loaded gun in his hand. "Sh! over there!"

"So it is," said Hawk, taking aim.

Jack Hepburn's rifle lay beside him; he took it in his hand and stood up.

"Hawk Williams, I give you fair warning. Put that thing down."

"Not for you, you cantin' sneak. You darsn't shoot a white man. *That's* a hangin' matter."

"I know it is. If you fire I'll shoot you dead and swing for it."

They both stood motionless, with guns cocked, Williams watching the edge of

the scrub, Hepburn watching Williams. None of the natives ventured out into the open ground; they had learnt to be cautious in the neighborhood of white men's huts, and perhaps the bright eyes peering through the branches awhile ago had seen the shining gun-barrels. So perhaps five minutes passed, and then — it might have been a bough stirred by a puff of wind, or a kangaroo rat passing through the underbrush; but something moved, and Hawk Williams fired into the scrub.

As the shot snapped there was a shriek, and a brown figure darted into the open, a good way farther off, but still within rifle range, and fled up the hill. Jack Hepburn still stood like a statue. Perhaps Williams thought he was hesitating; anyhow he fired his second barrel. The brown figure dropped.

Then Jack Hepburn levelled the rifle that had never missed fire yet, and without speaking a word shot Hawk Williams through the heart.

He had taken the dead man up and laid him in his bed-place inside the hut, unhelped by the others, who seemed struck dumb with consternation and perplexity. Old Dicey, the cooler of the two, was fairly puzzled as he vainly searched his memory for a parallel case. Both kept outside the door, stealing uneasy glances every now and then at the silent man who sat, with his head in his hands, beside what had been Hawk Williams, as though they thought he might suddenly rise and kill them too. But he never moved, and as the dusk stole up and the air grew damp and chilly, they were fain to turn in and seek their blankets.

Only once he looked up.

"Mates," he said, "when does Allardyce come round? Is it to-morrow?"

It was a point of etiquette with him to mark his status as a free man by never speaking of "Mr. Allardyce," as they were obliged to do — within hearing of authorities.

They looked at each other and muttered "Yes."

"All right," he answered, then returned to his brooding watch, and so they found him still seated when they awoke in the morning.

He stayed about the hut all day. "You chaps might think I wanted to cut an' run," he remarked, "and I want to be on hand when he comes. You can tell him what you please."

It was afternoon when Allardyce arrived. He must have met with Cass on

the way and heard something already, for he galloped up in frantic haste and threw himself from his horse, crying, "Hepburn, what's this?"

"It's quite true, sir," said Jack quietly. "Come along," and he led the way into the hut.

Old Dicey met them in the doorway with a high-pitched and voluble story about a quarrel in which Hawk Williams had not been to blame; but Allardyce pushed past him and stood with Hepburn beside the dead man.

"I shot him, sir, you may see, and I'll show you why. I gave him fair warning, and I told him I was ready to take the consequences. Will you come this way?"

They went down the hill together and into the scrub, and Jack parted the branches and showed him a copper-colored corpse lying there on its face, the limbs twisted and hands clenched in the terrible death agony, and the hole where the bullet had torn its jagged course from back to breast.

"I shot him straight," said Jack, as if to himself. "He didn't have to suffer like *that*."

But Duncan Allardyce turned his white face away and leaned his hand heavily on Jack's shoulder.

"That's not all," said Jack, looking at him narrowly. "But —"

"Go on," said Allardyce.

They went on to a spot where there was an opossum-skin rug spread out on the grass; and Jack Hepburn lifted it up and showed a dead woman — a slight-limbed creature scarcely more than a girl — with a child in her arms.

"There!" he said hoarsely. "He knew that; he could see it well enough from where we stood. And if it were to do over again I'd do it. And if it's hanging — why, I'll hang."

Duncan Allardyce turned to him and took both his hands.

"God help us both, Jack!" he cried. "I think you're right."

It was a hanging matter. The trial created rather a sensation at the time, and it ended as might have been expected, seeing that the counsel Allardyce engaged failed to establish the plea of lunacy, the only extenuating circumstance the court would have admitted. Kearney was not inclined to ruin himself in trying to save a fool who would meddle with what was no business of his. He and Allardyce quarrelled and parted over that affair, and the latter

spent his money alone and to no purpose. He was with Jack Hepburn the night before he died. They had always liked each other, but those last few weeks had drawn them together strangely, and they parted as dearest friends do.

The time was nearly gone. They had sat side by side, silent, holding each other's hands — how the consciousness of the fast-slipping minutes strikes those dumb who have so much to say! — for the last time; then at last Allardyce said, —

"Is anything troubling you, Jack?"

He looked at him with sad, perplexed eyes, and spoke slowly and hesitatingly, —

"Maybe — I don't know whether it was wrong; I don't want to say it wasn't." He laid his head down on Allardyce's shoulder and went on in a hoarse, hurried whisper, "Parson says I can't get to heaven if I don't repent — and I — I can't say I'm — sorry for a thing — when I know I'd do it again — if it happened so — And I wouldn't like to get in by telling a lie — if such a thing could be. I — oh! I don't know how to tell you what I mean — and that chap just riles me — and I don't want to feel angry with any one —"

"I think I know," said Allardyce, and his voice was very low and gentle. "Dear old lad, I'm not good; I can't talk to you as — one ought; but I understand what you are feeling. Don't you mind what he tells you. God is just, and he understands, if no one else can. Go straight to him, and ask him, if you were wrong, to give you grace to see it — though, as he hears me — I believe you did a right and a noble thing." His voice choked with the sob in his throat, but the loving clasp of his arms said all that words could not.

"He said I had no right —"

"Don't you believe it! God is greater and juster than he! Oh, Jack, my boy!"

"There, they're coming. You'll have to go."

"Good-night — good-bye. Kiss me — there! good-bye! Don't forget I'm — thinking of you to the last."

"Don't fret yourself about me — don't! Good-bye, Allardyce. God bless you!"

The key turned in the lock and the door swung on its hinges, letting in a broad band of light from the turnkey's lamp.

"Time's up, sir."

I do not judge him; I have only told his story.

A. WERNER.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD:
A FIGHT FOR ART.

II.

BEFORE proceeding further with my story, I should like to give some further idea of the principles of pre-Raphaelitism, and of the hopes we had of it. In doing so, I would not trench upon the claims of others to explain from their own points of view; but I write, not as a stranger might do, gathering his conclusions from the results, but as one of the accessories before the fact, making his confessions after all his guilty companions as well as himself have had the fullest meed of punishment for their offence. I must return therefore to the studio in Cleveland Street,* and give further reminiscences of Rossetti, who came rather gradually to take a retired course, out of my ken, and who can now only be known by his work and words, which give value in the eyes of the world to the records of his friends.

I will ask my readers, then, to imagine a young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about five feet seven and one-quarter inches in height, with long, brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parted lips, staring with dreaming eyes—the pupils not reaching the bottom lids—grey eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about; the openings large and oval, the lower orbits dark-colored. His nose was aquiline but delicate, with a depression from the frontal sinus shaping the bridge; the nostrils full, the brow rounded and prominent, and the line of the jaw angular and marked, while still uncovered with beard. His shoulders were not square, but yet fairly masculine in shape. The singularity of gait depended upon the width of hip, which was unusual. Altogether, he was a lightly built man, with delicate hands and feet; although neither weak nor fragile in constitution, he was nevertheless altogether unaffected by any athletic exercises. He was careless in his dress, which then was, as usual with professional men, black and of evening cut. So superior was he to the ordinary vanities of young men that he would allow the spots of mud to remain dry on his legs for several days. His overcoat was brown, and not put on with ordinary attention; and with his pushing stride and loud voice, a special

scrutiny would have been needed to discern the reserved tenderness that dwelt in the breast of the apparently careless and defiant youth. But any one who approached and addressed him was struck with sudden surprise to find all his critical impressions dissipated in a moment; for the language of the painter was refined and polished, and he proved to be courteous, gentle, and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuit of others, and in every respect, as far as could be shown by manner, a cultivated gentleman. (I hate the word in its canting sense, but here in its least presumptuous significance it has a meaning which no other word would so accurately convey.) To one who lived with him he showed an inexhaustible store of accomplishments, yet from his uncontrollable temper under the trials of studio work, it was clear that he had been a spoilt child. When, however, his work did not oppress his spirits, when his soul was not tormented by some unhappy angel-model—frightened out of its wits in turn by his fiery impatience—he could not restrain his then happy memory of divine poesy. He had been a student of poetry almost to the exclusion of other pursuits, and he had feasted specially upon the verses of the trecentists. For Homer he never betrayed great enthusiasm; of the ancients, Catullus was his favorite. He chanted with a voice rich and full of passion, now in the *lingua Toscana* and again in that of the “well of English undefiled.” He delighted most in those poems for which the world then had shown but little appreciation. “Sordello” and “Paracelsus” he would give by forty and fifty pages at a time, and, what were more fascinating, the shorter poems of Browning. Then would follow the grand rhetoric from Taylor’s “Philip van Artevelde,” in the scene between the herald and the court at Ghent with Philip in reply—a scene very much to my taste, with my picture standing on the easel designed to show the spirit of justice, inevitable in the fullness of time, on all such as being strong scourged the weak, and being rich robbed the poor, and “changed the sweat of Nature’s brow to blood.” Then would come the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott’s “Rosabell” (which later furnished Rossetti with the subject called “Found”). These, and there were countless other examples, all showed a wide field of interest as to poetic schools.

But the studying of them had never led him to profess any respect for natural sci-

* Not in Gower Street, as stated in a note to the previous article.

ence, or to evince any regard for the remote stages of creative development or the lower steps of human progress. He regarded such studies as altogether foreign to poetry. The language used in early times to describe the appearances of nature he accepted as the exclusive and ever-sufficient formulæ. The modern discoveries of science therefore had no charms for him; neither had the changed conditions of the people who were to be touched by art any claim for special consideration. They had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time, if I may use my own words to epitomize his meaning.

I give this evidence of the nature of his mind, with no thought of criticising his philosophy. On the contrary, I know that this must ever be the position taken up by the dilettante school, and that in certain work for architectural uses it must be allowed so long as the forms of thought remain as they are; and further, that it is the principle of much of the very highest art of the present day. I adduce the facts as illustrative of Rossetti at that time, with the object of proving that (although we joined together to fight against the then current modes of art, as wanting in serious ambition, vital force, and thoroughness of expression) we saw no obstacle to union in our manner of acquiring power direct from creation itself, to establish a healthier and more pervading taste than that which was frittering away the genius of the nation in trifles and bombast.

We frequently talked over scientific and historical matters, for my previous reading and experience had led me to love them and to regard them as of the greatest poetic and pictorial importance for modern art; for then, as now, I concluded that the appeal we made could be strengthened by using the instruments of the age which human intellect had discovered. In my father's collection of books were many on science and history, as well as on art, and in my first office I had found many volumes of an instructive kind. It was but a poor substitute for the systematic training in school, but my master did occasionally look over my self-imposed lessons, and it was some compensation that I read mine with hunger, while other boys of my age were being brought to the same food very unwillingly, and with the feeling of being already too much crammed. When my employer had a visitor who could understand him, he talked much of Socrates, of M. Aurelius, Seneca, and Epictetus,

quoting many of their sayings and doings. Homer and part of Plutarch I used to take from home to the office, and read them there with much delight; and I found time also at my second office to read as well as to draw. Shakespeare, too, I then first gloried in; and these authors, with other full-blown blossoms of thought, had given me a wide interest in the world which Rossetti deemed wholly external to the nature of a poetic painter. He had not read as I had for years — long and trying years they seemed to me — looking up from visions of Greece, the Ægean and the Troad, of Rome, of Alexandria, of Athens, of Actium, of Cyprus, of Venice, Verona, and Vienna, only to see three blank walls with their oft-counted bricks, and the threat thereon written large, that I was born only to know through others of the beautiful mountains, the sea calm and wild by turns, of adventures by flood and field. A prison many a time has been made into a study and a workshop. In mine I had some geometrical and mathematical books, and my master seeing me at work at them had helped me with the problems. He had also set me to do geological and astronomical diagrams, and these studies seemed to me full of poetic suggestions. But Rossetti despised such inquiries. "What could it matter," he said, "whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun travelled about the earth?" And in the question about the antiquity of man and his origin he refused to be interested. It would be beside the mark to repeat this in a narrative which is simply professional and not personal, if it did not lead up to the view which he at that time expressed — that attention to chronological costume, to the types of the different races of men, to climatic features or influences, were of no value in a painter's work; and that therefore Oriental proprieties in the treatment of Scriptural subjects were calculated to destroy the poetic nature of a design. He would instance Horace Vernet's pictures, painted in the East, "Rebecca giving Eleazer to Drink," and some others, as proofs of the correctness of his opinion. But I used to meet this by insisting that Vernet, though a remarkably skilful composer and executant, was not, and could not, under any conditions or system, be anything but dull, except to the dull, and was altogether destitute of every spark of poetic fire. This Rossetti admitted, although he still held by his principle, to be fought over with fresh weapons another time. It was the question of the value of my idea, car-

ried out five years after, to go to Jerusalem to paint sacred subjects, which brought the discussion to a head. It was profitable to try to solve such problems, although we both agreed, when it came to the last, that a man's work would be the reflex of the living image in his own mind of the idea treated, and not the icy double of the facts themselves.

While we differed so far, it may be seen that we were never, what often we have been called, *realists*. I think the art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any one of the three painters concerned, had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in nature. Independent of the consideration that the task would put out of operation the faculty making man "how like a god," it seemed then, as it does now, that a mere imitator gradually comes to see nature so claylike and meaningless — so like only to what one sees when illness brings a heavy cloud before the eyes — that his pictures or statues make a spectator feel, not how much more beautiful the world is than she seemed before, but only that she is a tedious infliction, or even an oppressive nightmare. It is needless to give modern examples. Polembourg I would instance as one of the old masters who generally made God's sky look hideous, although his workmanship was exemplary, and I can give his name as an instance, for I remember well that once we all three agreed on this head. On one other point there has been misapprehension, which it is now time to correct. In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than that the practice was essential for training the eye and the hand of the young artist; we should never have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less of a pre-Raphaelite. I can say this the better now because, although it is not true, as is often said, that my detail is microscopic, I have retained later than either of my companions the pencilling of a student. When I take to large brushes, and enrich my canvases with impasto, it will imply that the remnant of my life would not suffice to enable me to express my thoughts in other fashion, and that I have in my own opinion obtained enough from severe discipline to trust myself again to the self confident handling of my youth, to which I have already referred. If I leave uncontradicted the declaration that I have abandoned pre-Raphaelitism,

it will be because, after prolonged admiration of the power of the enemy to incite prejudice against truth by a catchword, I have at last become worldly wise enough to keep my own counsel.

Perhaps, in order to throw light upon the understanding of pre-Raphaelitism among ourselves at the beginning, I may be excused wandering a little from the idiosyncrasies of one to the other, and to the different facts which illustrate them. Trusting to this indulgence, I still linger in the joint studio to explain the nature of the talk we had there on the subject of our future operations and influence. We spoke of the improvement of design in household objects, furniture, curtains, and interior decorations, and dress; of how we would exercise our skill, as the early painters had done, not in one branch of art only, but in all. For sculpture, Rossetti in private expressed little regard; he professed admiration for the minds of many men engaged in it, but he could scarcely understand their devotion to work which seemed in modern hands so cold and meaningless, and which was so limited in its power of illustration. He confessed, however, that so far he had not thought of it enough, and admitted that it ought to be undertaken by painters, if only because the power of drawing on the flat seemed much wanting among the men who worked so tamely in clay and marble. Architecture also he recognized as the proper work of the painter, who, learning the principles of construction from nature herself, could apply them to the forming and decoration of the stone, iron, and wood he had to deal with. Music he regarded as positively offensive. When we obtained recognition, each of us was to have a suit of studios attached to his house; some for working in ourselves in divers branches of art; some for showing our productions to admirers when we were too busily engaged to be disturbed. Worthy pupils we were also to introduce by such means, and we should be able thus to extend our usefulness and to make art take its proper place. All this I concurred in, only I once expressed some curiosity to know how the due appreciation should be counted on from a people so committed to the idea of subdivision of labor, and so far from exhibiting Locke's spirit, never being ashamed to confess his ignorance. This Rossetti dismissed to the winds as an idle fear, asking me if I could not understand that there were hundreds of young aristocrats and millionaires growing up who would be only too glad to

get due direction how to make the country glorious as Greece and Italy had been. I was fain to hope that his view was the correct one, especially as with his father's experience as a professor among the *élite* of the land, I was bound to admit he was better able than I was to judge of the possibilities, and I was glad to encourage the belief that people would in time know how to spend their money worthily. There remain still only a few particulars of a more personal nature to be recorded of the interests of that time.

First, to complete the picture of Rossetti, I should say that frequently he would leave his day's appointed task to engage himself with some design or poem that occupied his thoughts. When he had once sat down and was immersed in the effort to express his purpose, and the difficulties had to be wrestled with, his tongue was hushed, he remained fixed and inattentive to all that went on about him; he rocked himself to and fro, and at times he moaned lowly, or hummed for a brief minute, as though telling off some idea. All this while he peered intently before him, looking hungry and eager, and passing by in his regard any one who came before him, as if not seen at all. Then he would often get up and walk out of the room without saying a word. Years afterwards, when he became stout, and men, with a good deal of reason, found a resemblance in him to the bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, and still later when he had outgrown this resemblance, it seemed to me that it was in his early days only that the soul within had been truly seen in his face. In these early days, with all his headstrongness, and a certain want of consideration, his life within was untainted to an exemplary degree, and he worthily rejoiced in the poetic atmosphere of the sacred and spiritual dreams that then encircled him, however some of his noisy demonstrations at the time might hinder this from being recognized by a hasty judgment.

Another aspect of our brotherhood must not be passed over, though it lasted but a short time, and becoming meaningless was abandoned with good reason. It is the social one. Rossetti, as I have said before, was a proselytizer. He was ready to believe, and to insist upon the belief, that others should adopt our course, and those within our daily range, whom for one reason or another he cared for, he at once enrolled as Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. James Collinson had been a meek fellow-student; painstaking he was in all his

drawings, and accurate in a sense, but tame and sleepy, and so were all the figures he drew. The Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon group, the Wrestlers, the Dancing Faun, and the drunken gentleman of that race, all seemed to belong to one somnolent family. No one a year later could have trusted his memory to say when he had been and when he had not been in the school, so successfully had he aimed at avoiding to disturb any one in any way. It was a surprise to all when in the year 1848 he appeared in the Exhibition with a picture called "The Charity Boy's Début." It was a good idea to represent the shyness of a poor boy on his appearing before his family in the uniform of his parish, and although the invention did not go far beyond the initial conception, the pencilling was phenomenal throughout. It transpired that he had roused himself up of late to enter the Roman Church, and that thus inspired he had made the further effort to paint this picture. It was natural for all the students to blame themselves for having ignored Collinson, but Rossetti went further, and declared that "Collinson was a born stunner," and at once struck up an intimate friendship with him. When the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was inaugurated he at once enrolled Collinson as one who wanted only the enthusiasm which we had, to make him a great force in the battle, and accordingly he was told that he had to put the secret initials on his works, to attend our monthly meetings, and to receive us in his turn. Whether we were at his place in the Polygon, with a dragoness of a landlady six feet in height to provide quite a conventional entertainment — for he still had a liberal allowance from home — or at our Bohemian repasts in Cleveland Street, or elsewhere, he invariably fell asleep at the beginning, and had to be waked up at the conclusion of the noisy evening to receive our salutations. In figure he was far from being like the fat boy in "Pickwick," for he was of very light weight and small measurement. He never could see the fun of anything, and I fear we did not make his life more joyful. Once, at the conclusion of a meeting at our studio, on going to the door with him about 11.30 P.M., we discovered that it was a magnificent moonlight night, and we declared at once that instead of going to bed we would take a long walk in the country; but he pleaded that he must go home and sleep; and when we pointed out that for a real change which might be the greatest benefit to him forever, he

should for once consider that he had had enough sleeping, he pleaded that he must really go home, if only to change his boots; and eventually we let him depart with the promise that he would be ready for us when we would call in half an hour. We arrived punctually, but knocked for a time in vain. In ten minutes a voice from the second-floor window thundered out to know why we went on knocking when we knew Mr. Collinson had long been in bed and was asleep. It was our knowledge that he was asleep which had made us knock so loud, we said, and we hoped she would take no further notice while we continued the same measures to wake him; on which she invited the aid of a passing policeman, who, however, was persuaded that we were strictly within the law in insisting upon seeing the gentleman himself. Collinson came to his window piteously entreating to be left to sleep, but we pointed out that we had chosen the northern course solely on his account, and that we knew what was good for him better than he did himself. He gave in, dressed himself, and came with us on a walk — worth remembering even now for its many delights of lovely moonlit heath and common and village, with the whole on our return exchanged for ever-increasing dawn and sunrise. I think our poor victim slept all the way, leaning on one or another of us, and I must confess that neither this nor any treatment we adopted for his good seemed thoroughly to wake him up. When I first returned from the little Continental tour, I lodged in the same house with him at Brompton for about a month. There even in the day he was asleep over the fire with his model waiting idle, earning his shilling per hour all the time; and as the home remittance for some reason stopped, it seemed at one time as if bankruptcy must come on like an armed man. But at the last moment he unexpectedly waked up, sent in his resignation as a Pre-Raphaelite Brother — ungrateful man! — sold his lay figure and painting material by forced sale, and departed to Stonyhurst to graduate. It is but fair to give the further history of this Pre-Raphaelite Brother. At the end of a twelvemonth or so he abandoned the idea of conventual or priestly life, again took to painting, and I believe executed many very creditable pictures of a modest character. He subsequently abjured Romanism and died some eight years ago, very much respected by those who knew him best, and with less, I am sure, to reproach himself for

than many more brilliant men may have at the end of their days.

The experience of trying to make men Pre-Raphaelite Brothers against their nature and will, was not an encouraging one. W. M. Rossetti had at first thought of taking to graphic art, but he had given up the study. Outside of the enrolled body, comprising, with the five already mentioned, F. G. Stephens and T. Woolner (the latter had gone to Australia), were several artists of real calibre and enthusiasm, who were working diligently with our views guiding them. W. H. Deverell, Charles Collins, and Arthur Hughes may be named. It was a question whether any of these should be elected. It was already evident that to have authority to put the mystic monogram upon their paintings could confer no benefit on men striving to make a position. We ourselves even determined for a time to discontinue the flouting of this red rag before the eyes of infuriate John Bull, and we decided it was better to let our converts be known only by their works, and so nominally pre-Raphaelitism ceased to be. We agreed to resume the open profession of it later, but the time has not yet come. I often read in print that I am now the only pre-Raphaelite. Yet I can't use the distinguishing letters, for I have no "B."

Rossetti, when he had returned to London from a tour, applied himself first, in a separate studio in Newman Street, to the small painting of "The Annunciation." When this was completed it was exhibited in the Portland Street Gallery. He asked £50 for the work, but not selling it, and being much pressed for money, he told a friend that he would take £40 for it from an immediate purchaser. It was sold in April this year to the nation at the price of £800, exactly twenty times the sum he asked to procure the means to go on with other work. I am reminded by this friend that the previous picture of "The Education of the Virgin" was not exhibited in the place where this appeared, but in a gallery at Hyde Park where the Alexandra Hotel now stands. By these facts alone it may be seen that had it not been for the liberal help which his good brother afforded him he would certainly have had to give up painting. As it was, he took to water-color designs in the intervals of application to a large picture from Brown- ing which he commenced. He sold his drawings for small prices. Most of them were bought by artists with some independent means. It was a branch of practice

which developed his power of design, but, as it gave but little exercise in drawing from the life, he thus became confirmed in mannerisms which, with his perfect eye for form, he might under happier conditions have escaped while still young. During his lifetime no picture of his ever appeared on the walls of the Academy. He was offended with the body mainly on account of their treatment of F. M. Brown, when he sent fine pictures there before we had joined together. The last time Rossetti and I worked together was at Seven-oaks. He set himself to paint, near to my place of work, a bosage for a background. I went sometimes to see him at work, but I found him nearly always as if engaged in a mortal quarrel with some leaf which had perversely shaken itself off its branch just as he had begun to paint it, until he would have no more of such conduct, and would go back to his lodgings to write, and try designs, one of these being the scene in the tent of Philip van Artevelde which he subsequently completed in pen and ink. The engagement he made to illustrate "The Pot of Basil" he never fulfilled, and his etching to the *Germ* was always being promised but never begun. Deverell undertook to fill his place on one occasion, but when the plate was cleaned it was discovered that the acid had hardly bitten at all, and there was scarcely means of publishing that month's number. The use of burin and strong dry paint just brought the copper to printing pitch at the eleventh hour, but the unpunctuality of so important a contributor as Rossetti made it impossible to go on, although Millais then had his plate ready to illustrate a mystic story by him. Of course the want of capital also told, and the poor *Germ* died, but not without having made itself heard.

We were now all separated, and each so busy battling with his evil star that we could not leave our posts. While I was waiting with the "Christian Missionary" unsold, Mr. Dyce again wrote to me. It was to offer work which he had done himself thirty years before, the cleaning and restoring of wall paintings at the Trinity House by Rigaud. Not understanding the change in his position, the authorities had offered it to him again. He wished to know whether I would take it. I agreed readily, and I commenced the task, which was disagreeable enough. The paintings were imitation bas-reliefs, with a sky-blue background, and were principally in the cove of a large room with no ventilation, and below there were exten-

sive walls reeking with the fumes of white lead. I had to use a scrubbing-brush, etc., dipped in warm water with soda or pearlash, and go over the whole file of these grand works of the master of one hundred years before. For more than a week I was thus engaged. I gave offence by smoking, although seeing the whole building was in the utmost disorder, and it was the hottest part of summer, and the least busy part of the season, as I urged, I had a good justification for the license I took. When the cleaning was done, for a time there was hesitation to give me further work, but after some delay Mr. Dyce was invited to go and decide as to what was necessary. He recommended that the whole should be retouched by me, as the flues had in some places burnt away the paintings, and damp had done other injuries; but as there was then but a very restricted time for me to earn money by it, I stipulated that I should have two guineas per diem, and that I should have an assistant, which was agreed to. Mr. Dyce took me back with him to the House of Lords, where he was working. On board the steamboat I ventured to express my thought of the joy it must be to him to have the opportunity of exercising his powers in the national building where he was employed, and on so large a scale, and I shall ever remember the sadness with which he said, "But I begin with my hair already grey."

My work now, when the fumes from the white lead had not brought an overpowering headache, was fine fun. Old Father Thames, like London Bridge in the old nursery song, had to be built up again, and I stood on a springy plank dashing away at him with large brushes, and when he had a new coat of paint from top to toe I added a bale of goods, a globe, a pair of compasses, three or four volumes, a triton or two, and perhaps a Mercury with his caduceus, and a mermaid and merman for a day's work; here and there I came across the trenchant touchings of Dyce, which I always, if possible, left. A bas-relief of Charity on the staircase was fortunately so far ruined that I could repaint the whole without much regard to the original weak outlines, and I won great praise because from the landing, the only point whence it could be seen, no one could tell that the surface was not raised. For my share in this public work — the only one I was ever honored with — I gained about £35, which helped to clear off all my back accounts, and left the money for the "Christian Mission-

ary," when it came a month or so later, nearly free for the next year's work.

The last article brought my story to the point where the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was still hanging on the walls of the Academy, spite of the recommendation of the influential critic that it and the other works of the Pre Raphaelite Brotherhood should be sent back to their respective studios. My good father most unfairly had his share of ridicule, for he was met in the City by many acquaintances not too polite to laugh, and offering to bet £10 that the pictures would be sent back within a week, and he asked (not with any intention of making a wager, for I don't think he would on any account have staked a penny to gain by another's loss, but to know how he should receive such gibes) whether I thought the suggestion would be acted upon. I settled his mind on this point, but in continuing the talk, with all tenderness for me, he expressed his conviction as confirmed, that in this country it was useless for a man without influential and rich friends to hope to succeed as an artist. There were too many established interests to overturn, "and you," he said, "have not even the party feeling in your favor of a public school [there had been an attempt made to get me into the Bluecoat School]. You have done wonders, I will maintain—more than could have been expected, but it is hopeless."

And, indeed, it seemed every day getting worse. I had been asked to do illustrations for an edition of Longfellow, and I did three drawings, but the publisher declined them, saying he had made arrangements with another artist; and no one would have his portrait painted by me when my name was a proverb of incompetence, and as it was made to appear, criminality. I was so reduced in means that once, when I had a letter written lying before me, I could not tell where to find a penny for the stamp. Leaning back in the old cushioned chair, I thrust my hand down behind the seat, and my fingers came in contact with a coin, which proved to be half-a-crown, and I felt quite rich for the time. In the midst of this came thunder as out of a clear sky. It was a letter from Ruskin in the *Times* in our defence. The critic had, amongst other charges, accused our pictures of being false in linear perspective. This was open to demonstration. Ruskin challenged him to establish his case, and the cowardly creature skulked away, and was heard of no more. The letter on my "Valentine"

admitted the weak point in my picture. A man had at the last robbed me of £15; this occasioned me to lose my time, and I sent the picture in imperfect in the Sylvia's head. I afterwards rectified this.

The letters did not, however, at the time mend my fortunes, and I had to come to a resolution which I had long dreaded to contemplate. I could do so now, not as a disgraced man, but as one who, like many better men, had not found the world he wanted to influence ready to be led. I announced to Millais my intention to give up art altogether, and to go for a twelve-month to a good yeoman uncle for instruction as a farmer, and at the end of that time to emigrate to Canada or to the antipodes to take my place as a settler. But my companion would by no means take so gloomy a view of my prospects as I had done; he was sure I should succeed, and he announced that he had £500 saved, and that I should have all of that, little by little, as I wanted it. My reply was, "What do you think your father and mother would think of me?" And when he reminded me that I had to come to him in the morning I said, "Mind you don't say a word of what we have been speaking about;" but the next day, when the servant opened the door, the good couple burst out of the sitting-room crying, "Is that Hunt?" and saying, "Come in here! Jack has been telling us all about his plan, and he has our fullest concurrence." I had quite made up my mind not to give in, but it was impossible in the face of such goodness; and I am prouder now to acknowledge my indebtedness than even my friend is shy to have his generosity published, for there was still a great risk of our defeat.

Thus provided with money, I went down with Millais to Surrey, to lodge together while we painted backgrounds—he to "Ophelia," I to "The Hireling Shepherd"—and there, with the exception of a few Sundays and a day or two for despatching work that would not wait, we remained all the summer. Charles Collins joined us later, and it became a happiness to me that I had this opportunity of knowing him better. The "Valentine" was sent to Liverpool. During our stay I received continually anonymous letters and newspapers from Liverpool, with abuse—principally in doggerel—of my picture, and containing stupid rudeness with humor too obscure for me to recognize. When this had gone on about two months, one morning I told Millais that there seemed some reason to think the

Liverpool Council had an active hand in this matter, and I said that I had resolved, by way of showing how it failed to humble me, to write to them that I had sent my picture trusting to the announcement that fifty pounds would be awarded on the opening day to the best picture contributed; that many weeks had gone by since then; and I begged the favor of explanation why I had not yet received notice of the prize! That evening I was too busy to write; the next morning I was working near the house on my sheep, and Millais came calling out, "Another letter from Liverpool." It was proved by the postmark, and had been made to look important with a large seal. My friend was impatient, and I opened it, to find that the Council, sitting on date given, had in consideration of the merit of, etc., etc., etc., awarded to me the fifty-pound prize. We there and then gave three cheers for the Council at Liverpool, which was pretty well all the thanks they ever got, as, repeating their offence by giving the next fifty pounds to another iniquitous defier of the established and unimpeachable taste of the day, the old institution was abolished, and the new Academy established on its ruins. It was the first public recognition I had yet obtained, and it resulted in the sale of my picture, for a correspondent from Belfast—who had never seen the work, but who was interested from what he had read of it—made me an offer of the sum I asked for the picture, one hundred and fifty or two hundred guineas (I forget which), to be paid £10 at the time monthly, with sixty guineas of the sum to be represented by a picture of Danby's. When the dates for payment came, a letter invariably arrived proposing to give instead of money further paintings, so that the transaction became a continual torment to me. But even this trial had its end in time.

When we had nearly brought our first backgrounds to a conclusion, we were eager to recommence with new canvases. Millais took up the background to his picture of "The Huguenot," and I, that of "The Light of the World." I had dwelt over and matured my design enough to be able to paint the orchard background at the proper season in the grounds attached to the house. To paint it life-size, as I should have liked, would then have forbidden any hope of sale. It was one of the misfortunes of my position, which I have ever since regretted, but perhaps I should have had greater difficulty in the first work on the

painting, which I did from 9 P.M. till 5 A.M. every night, about the time of the full moon, for two or three months. I sat in an open shed made of hurdles, and painted by the light of a candle, a stronger illumination being too blinding. On going to bed I slept till ten, and then devoted myself for an hour or two to rectifying any errors of color, and to drawing out the work for the next night. When the picture was in this stage, Mr. and Mrs. Combe came to see us. It was my first personal introduction to these good friends, and then they first saw their future possession.

On coming to town we found the tone of several of the academicians towards us much changed, so that we were invited to partake of their hospitality, which we enjoyed because it was most cordially given, and because it afforded us the opportunity of making friends with many distinguished men of established position.

Before returning permanently from Surrey, I took the opportunity of being in town late in the autumn to call on R. B. Martineau, who, through an old fellow-student, had notified his wish to take his place as my pupil in painting. He had already been through the school of the Academy, and wished at this point to train himself to paint subject pictures in oil. Before making any arrangement, I tested him by saying that up to this present time, although I had lived more self-denyingly than any lawyer's clerk or shopman would have done, I had not succeeded in paying my way, that I was heavily in debt, and that, from other experiences within my own knowledge, I could scarcely regard painting as a profession at all; and that I hoped, if he could reconcile himself to any other pursuit, that he would still abandon the idea of becoming an artist. But to him the lucrativeness of the pursuit was not a vital question, and he removed the scruples I had against encouraging any one in this country to become a painter needing to live by it. Accordingly he was accepted as my pupil, and remained my close and much valued friend until his death, nearly twenty years later. I encouraged him to complete a design he had begun from "The Old Curiosity Shop," and this he painted in my studio while I finished "The Hireling Shepherd." He never became a facile executant, but from the first he produced admirable pictures. His greatest work was "The Last Day in the Old Home."

"The Hireling Shepherd" was my first painting hung on the line at the Academy.

The first day went by without inquiries after its price, but it was evident that people were wavering. Weeks passed and it seemed as though again success was to be indefinitely postponed, but then a very courteous letter arrived from an unknown gentleman, stating that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the picture, but could not afford the price, three hundred guineas. He did not think this too much, but he wished to know for what I would repeat the group of sheep by itself. I proposed seventy guineas, and he agreed. The same gentleman, Mr. Charles Maude, of Bath, then wrote to say that a friend of his had no less enthusiasm for the picture than himself, and that he trusted I would excuse him for proposing for my consideration whether I could agree to take the money in instalments — £150 in a first payment, and the remainder — as his friend received his own stipend quarterly — in sums of about £60; if so, he would be ready to purchase it; and I felt, strange to say, not at all offended at the proposal, but at once closed with the offer. The same polite gentleman wrote then to say that his friend was his cousin, Mr. Broderip, the magistrate and naturalist, and he conveyed to me an invitation to call upon him, and this gave me the opportunity of seeing two of the most pleasant old gentlemen I ever had the felicity to meet. Nor was this all, for Mr. Broderip then said that his great and valued friend, Mr. Richard Owen (now Sir Richard, K.C.B.), wished to know me, and had asked him to drive me down on an early morning for the day, a proposal which I was also glad to accept; and accordingly, after explanation on the way that the great professor had been one of my stoutest champions throughout, I was introduced on a sunny summer morning into the portals of the sweet little cottage in Richmond Park which her Majesty had given to him for life.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

From *The Argosy*.

DOCTOR EDITH.

EDITH VERINGDON had just attained to the dignity of an M.D. when, by two unexpected demises, she and her sister Clarissa became co-proprietors of the Veringdon estate and its magnificent rent-roll.

This unlooked for occurrence naturally changed the tenor and the purpose of Edith's life. She had intended to live in

a suburb of London, and to work hard. She had meant — after supplying the modest wants of Clarissa and herself, by practising among the wives and children of those gentlemen who should trust her skill — to consecrate her time and her profession to the needs of the poor. Now, however, such a life was impossible. The sisters repaired to Veringdon Hall, were received as one of the county families, and thought no more of making a livelihood.

"Now we can be comfortable," said Clarissa, with satisfaction. "I never really liked the idea of your going out in all weathers, Edith, to look after sick people, only I didn't see how else we could make both ends meet. But now we can enjoy ourselves, and give parties, and go to balls, and — marry, if we like. Only no one will ever be good enough for you, and no one will ever care to marry such a silly little thing as I am!" she added, with a sigh.

"I shall make the little north room by the hall door into my surgery," remarked Edith, who had been thinking abstractedly, and had not heard a word of her sister's chatter.

"You must be mad, Edith!" screamed Clarissa. "People with £40,000 a year don't want patients."

"The patients will want *me*, my dear."

"But, Edith!" gasped the younger sister, "when you are so rich!"

"I don't mean paying patients," said Edith, with a good-humored smile, "I mean to devote myself to the poor. I shall institute regular hours for seeing them here, and I shall visit them at their own houses."

Clarissa said nothing, but she looked disappointed.

"You don't seem pleased, dear," proceeded Edith. "Surely you did not think I was going to abandon my noble profession, and throw away my education and study and toil, just because I am rich?"

"Yes, I did think so," replied Clarissa piteously. "I thought you would have stayed at home, and we could have breakfast late, and talk about our partners, and read and work, and drive out in the afternoon, and dress alike in pretty colors! And now you will always be in your black dress and your umbrella, and I dare say I shall always be ill with fever, or something. I shall be laid up with measles just as the county ball is coming off, or I shall have the mumps when some one is going to give a picnic!"

"I hope not," said Edith mildly. "I

shall take every precaution, you may be sure. You will run no more risks than if we had gone to Richmond, as we intended."

"Of course you will do as you choose, Edith, but I don't like it and I never shall. Whenever I want you to go out with me there will be a patient to be seen. Whenever we have friends here you will be suddenly called away. Babies are always born in the middle of the night, and people always die at three o'clock in the morning, and I shall hate to be left in our corridor all by myself. It will be as bad as being married to a doctor!"

"I don't intend to go out at night as a general rule," returned Edith. "I shall only allow myself to be called out at odd times, on emergencies. And you can have Naylor to sleep in your dressing-room, and then you won't be alone, even if I should be called up every now and then."

"Naylor snores, and I couldn't bear her so near me," said Clarissa pettishly. "I think you are very unkind, Edith, but I suppose it is no use trying to dissuade you."

So the matter dropped; and Miss Veringdon made her own plans, and devoted some hours of every day to the practice of her profession.

Clarissa hated her sister's employment, but she gave no outward signs of rebellion. She contented herself by entering a silent protest as often as occasion offered, and became skilful in innuendoes and home-thrusts. "I have *tried* to keep the pudding hot for you," she would say significantly, when Edith came in late for luncheon. "I suppose," at another time, "it is useless my hoping you will be able to go with me to Dormer Court this afternoon?" Or, with a profound sigh: "Adrian Dormer proposed coming for some tennis to-day, but I was obliged to say I feared I should be alone and not able to entertain him. I begin to think I must set up a chaperon!"

Edith bore all these attacks very meekly. Cold luncheons and gossiping afternoons at Dormer Court were indeed indifferent to her, and the necessity for Clarissa having a chaperon soon disappeared. Adrian Dormer married Clarissa, and Edith began to breathe more freely, imagining that when the young couple returned from their honeymoon to take possession of the great east corridor, she would be at liberty to spend her time as she liked, and to devote herself more incessantly to her noble craft.

But she was mistaken. Her brother-in-law detested her profession even more heartily than did his wife, and though as Clarissa's lover he had refrained from expressing his opinion, as Clarissa's husband he left no stone unturned to bring Dr. Edith to a proper mind. In vain she argued; in vain she besought to be left alone. They stifled her with the bitterest objections. At last, in despair, she threatened to leave Veringdon, and to retire to Whitechapel or Seven Dials, where she could pursue her avocations unmolested, and where, she said, she could be even more useful than she was in the country.

This declaration terminated the persecution. Clarissa dissolved into tears and said she could not be separated from her only sister, and Adrian was, perforce, silenced, not wishing to have it said that he had driven his sister-in-law from her own home. A semblance of harmony rested on Veringdon Hall. But inwardly Mr. and Mrs. Dormer fretted and fumed, and inwardly Miss Veringdon was chafed and irritated by the unspoken, but only too evident, disapproval of her brother and sister.

One afternoon — when this state of armed neutrality had been existing for some months — there was an accident in a hay-field through which Edith was passing. She hastened to the spot, and at once rendered the necessary services to the sufferer.

A stranger, who came up while she was thus engaged, looked on admiringly at the deftness and dexterity with which she arrested the dangerous bleeding, and bound up the wound.

"You have saved that man's life," he said, raising his hat, when the little affair was over and Edith had moved from the group of hay-makers.

She returned his salutation with a courteous inclination of the head.

"You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you, when I tell you I am a physician," continued the stranger. "I came up, fancying something was amiss, and thinking my assistance might be needed. But I found I was not wanted. I cannot help expressing my admiration of your coolness and skill. You are no doubt a member of the St. John's Ambulance Society."

"No," said Edith, smiling.

"Ah! I dare say you are a hospital nurse," remarked the other, with a quick glance at her dress, which was extremely plain.

"No," she replied again.

They had reached a gate, and the other doctor darted forward to open it for her. Edith passed through, and did not resume the conversation. The other doctor stood hesitating.

"I was trying to find my way to Veringdon," he said, looking at her.

"I am going there myself, and shall be happy to show you the way," said Edith. "Unless you would prefer to walk more quickly? But the lanes and fields will puzzle you."

"I would much rather walk with you, if I may," said the other doctor. He admired Edith's handsome, intelligent face, and her simple, womanly manner, and he thought that a *tête-à-tête* walk with her could not but be agreeable. Moreover, he was curious to know how she had acquired her leech craft, and he thought he might discover this during the walk. Accordingly, the two went together through scented hay-fields, where the dry hay was piled into cocks; over a tiny brooklet, spanned by a single plank, where the man physician gallantly offered his hand to assist the lady doctor; along paths by the hedgerow, where dog-roses blushed and honeysuckle swung, and down green and shady lanes, where the primrose leaves were yellowing, and ragged-robin grew in masses of pink, and speedwell in clouds of blue.

For some time the conversation was desultory, though unceasing.

The two young doctors — for the stranger was scarcely thirty — chatted away very pleasantly, and with considerable cordiality. Both avoided professional topics; he, because it was his custom, she, because she was secretly enjoying the idea of telling her companion, when they parted, that he had been offering the greatest courtesies to the person whom of all others he detested, a lady doctor.

But their talk became more confidential, and the physician began to speak of himself. Next to his profession, he said, he was most deeply interested in politics. He had been in India for some years, and he had come back to find England in convulsions, he did not know what would happen next.

"Yes, there is plenty of reform needed," said Edith, thinking of the vote she was not entitled to give.

"Reform! I think we have had reform enough," cried the young man, frowning. "The whole country appears to me to be demoralized."

"Do you think so? I think we have

made very little progress since the Reform Bill of '32."

"What would you have more?" asked her companion.

"Well! a more extended suffrage, certainly."

"Would you give a vote to that haymaker whom you set to rights so cleverly?"

"No, but I would give one — to myself."

The physician stared.

"Do you go in for woman's rights?" he said slowly.

"No. I don't go in for them — I take them."

"Is that why you qualified yourself to attend to casualties?" he enquired.

"Partly. You don't disapprove, do you? You complimented me just now on my performance."

"I thought you did admirably."

"You are very generous. Some men can't bear women to do anything except housekeeping."

"I am not of that kind," he said. "I admire a cool head and a steady hand, wherever I see them."

"I am glad," said Edith, "that you don't think I stepped out of my province."

"Not at all!" he replied eagerly. "I have often wished that more people had a little practical knowledge, and I rejoiced to hear of the St. John's Ambulance Society. But you say you don't belong to it?"

"It is a great pleasure to me to be useful," she said, evading a direct answer.

"But every one is not so kind as you are," she added with a sigh. "My brother and sister say I ought to leave these sorts of things to Mr. Smith, the medical practitioner of the neighborhood."

"If you had waited for Mr. Smith, that poor haymaker would have died," said the other doctor. "Arterial bleeding, as I dare say you are aware, leads to the gravest results if not immediately arrested."

"Yes, I know that," said Edith, with a slight smile.

"Of course a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," continued he warningly.

"I hope you don't carry your benevolence too far. I presume you don't think of superseding Mr. Smith?"

"I assure you I never go beyond my province," said Dr. Veringdon, with a vast assumption of humility. "Will you not believe me when I say that I have never offered advice when I have not been as qualified to give it as Mr. Smith?"

"Of course I believe you," he replied readily. "No doubt, if you are interested in these things, reading and experience

have made you able to manage simple cases of measles or rheumatism. A lady like yourself must be a blessing to her neighborhood."

"I wish my sister and brother thought as you do," said Edith sorrowfully. "They would like me to sit at home with my work, and only go out in search of amusement. They find great fault with me. They dislike my tastes."

"Are you a district visitor?" enquired the other doctor.

"No," returned Edith. "They would mind less if I were anything as orthodox. But I weary you—and here we part. Straight on is your way to Veringdon. Through this turnstile is my short cut to the Hall."

She had meant to pass through the gate, and, from that vantage-ground, to flash at him a last shot. "Good bye," she had resolved to say, "Thank you for all your hints, but I, too, am a doctor!" But her mischievous design was frustrated.

"I am going to Veringdon Hall myself," said the stranger. "I went to Dormer Court to see my old friend, Adrian, and they told me he was married and living here."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Edith, with some inward perturbation. "Pray let me make you welcome. I am Mrs. Dormer's sister."

After this, she made no further attempts to mystify her companion. He informed her that he was Adrian's old schoolfellow, Guy Auckland, and that he had been in India for eight years; and she questioned him upon Indian climate, and Indian scenery, and Indian life, studiously avoiding all subjects which referred to their joint profession. He had begun to think her eccentric, but now he forgot that she was anything but handsome and clever. He found her delightful, and he was almost sorry when the walk ended.

Adrian welcomed his old friend joyfully. But when he heard in what way Auckland had made the acquaintance of his sister-in-law, he was silent, and a momentary blank fell upon the little party. Then Auckland remembered Edith's sad complaints, and he felt sorry for her, and began to think it was a pity that such a fine woman should be unmarried. But neither Clarissa nor her husband divulged the secret of Edith's profession, and even when the two young men were left alone after dinner, Adrian confined himself to relating the story of his own marriage,

and of the way in which his wife and her sister had become the co-heiresses of Veringdon.

"Miss Veringdon seems charming," observed Auckland. Whereupon, Adrian somewhat abruptly proposed that they should join the ladies.

When Auckland entered the drawing-room, Edith was sitting at the open window, looking pensively out into the fragrant night, and Auckland thought that she did not look at all like a person who hankered after woman's rights. She was less severely attired than she had been in the afternoon. Her dress was open at the neck, and a pearl necklace rested on her fair throat. She wore diamond bracelets, and there was a flower in her bosom. Auckland had thought she looked well at dinner. Now, in the dim twilight, he thought her fascinating.

He went and stood opposite to her, looking down at her shining hair and intellectual countenance. Clarissa had gone up stairs to see her baby, and Adrian had stolen after her. The two doctors were alone.

"You seem to have a lovely place here, Miss Veringdon," remarked Auckland.

"Yes, it is a very fine old place," she assented. "And it was a very unforeseen accident which gave it to my sister and me. It seemed impossible that two lives, under fifty, should pass away, and leave us in possession. But so it was. It is rather sad."

"Were you fond of your relations?" asked Auckland, with sympathetic interest.

"Not in the least. I never saw the son, and the father but once. But their deaths have spoilt my life."

"How?"

"I have been obliged to alter all my purposes. It is right that I should live here and be idle, but it is a great disappointment to me that my education and training should have led to such small results. I deceived you this afternoon, Dr. Auckland, just for amusement. But perhaps Adrian has told you about me?"

"No. He has told me nothing, Miss Veringdon."

"Ah! Dr. Auckland, I have another title."

Guy Auckland experienced a sudden sensation of jealous alarm. The possibility of only one other title presented itself to him. Was she a married woman, with a husband in an asylum? He felt unnecessarily depressed.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Dr. Auckland," she answered, "I am qualified to call myself — Dr. Veringdon."

It was a great shock to him, and it was with difficulty that he contrived to gulp down his wrath and disgust. When he spoke again, his tone was piqued and somewhat sarcastic.

"I congratulate you," he said. But he could not yet bring himself to call her Dr. Veringdon.

"Thank you," she replied. "I ought to apologize for so wantonly tricking you this afternoon. I had no idea then that our acquaintance was likely to extend beyond a short walk."

He was silent. He was trying to remember if she had told him an untruth. But he could not bring this accusation against her. She had fenced with him, but she had told no falsehood. Moreover, she was perfectly feminine and lady-like. The revelation that she had made to him gave no valid reason for his ceasing to admire her. He had thought her sweet when he helped her over the tiny bridge, he had thought her brilliant at dinner, he had been struck by her placid demeanor and gentle voice when he had first entered the drawing-room, yet, now that he knew she was a doctor, she was repugnant to him! He felt outraged. He *ought* to have known; he ought not to have been thus taken in. True, he recollected that she had shown no manner of shrinking from the accident in the hay-field, he might have noticed that her behavior was unnatural, but —

"Dr. Auckland," said Edith, "I am afraid I have seriously offended you. I am so sorry."

"Oh, it does not in the least signify," he returned loftily.

"Only, had you known it, you would not have deigned to converse with me," remarked she.

"Had I known you were a medical woman, I should not have ventured to address you," he said stiffly.

"I wonder why you so dislike lady doctors," said she wistfully. "The women and children seem to find me a comfort."

Now Auckland did not precisely know why he did object. It was against his conservative principles that women should be doctors, but he had no well defined reason to urge against their becoming such. So he brought forward a very trite and not very relevant argument.

"Women have no business," he said, "to adopt any calling which precludes their marrying."

This was an old-fashioned idea, but

perhaps it was a wily thrust. Possibly it was just as well that Auckland should know Dr. Veringdon's notions about marrying.

"When I embraced my profession," said Edith, "I had no idea of doing anything but make a livelihood for Clarissa and myself. I preferred the medical profession to that of a teacher, because I had always been interested in medical subjects, and I hoped it would enable me to do good."

"Ah!" said Auckland, somewhat mollified.

"And I never thought about marrying," proceeded she calmly.

"Why not?" cried Auckland crossly.

"When a girl is very poor, and has to work hard and dress badly, she does not think of marrying," said Edith simply.

Auckland tried to picture the composed woman opposite to him working hard and dressing badly. But he could not succeed. Though her profession was odious to him, he began to think she was a superb creature.

"But there is no need now for you to work hard, or to dress badly," he said softly.

"No," she admitted. And it was a great admission. It seemed to imply that she might even think of marrying too.

Then tea was brought in, and Adrian and Clarissa came down-stairs, and Edith went to the piano, and sang and played in a way which enchanted the other doctor exceedingly. He spent most of that night by turns praising Edith and vituperating her profession, and in wondering how it would be if two doctors were to wed. But before he went away the next morning he had recovered his equanimity, and went so far as to ask his sister-in-arms for a flower.

"May I not have a rose — Dr. Veringdon?" he said.

"There are plenty outside — Dr. Auckland," she replied.

"But won't you *give* me one, Dr. Veringdon?"

"*Miss* Veringdon will give you one," she said emphatically, and she complied with his request.

When last I heard of Veringdon Hall, the two doctors had married and had taken up their quarters in the corresponding corridor to that inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Dormer. Edith confines her practice principally to her own and Clarissa's nurseries. "My husband does all the work for us both," she says, "and he fan-

cies he does it a hundred times better than it was done before." But the two doctors do not quarrel on that score. Dr. Auckland always pretends to ignore his wife's profession. Nevertheless, under the rose, he sometimes holds a consultation with her.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BOYS' BLUNDERS.

MANY of us are weary of speeches about education; some people dread over-education, others dread over-pressure. It may be a source of some solace to such people to find that this supposed superfluity of education and pressure has not yet succeeded in making boys incapable of blunders, which imply a nimbleness of mind and vividness of imagination rather than fatigue of brain.

The blunders to be here mentioned are genuine. They have come under the notice of the writer in the course of ten years' work as a schoolmaster, with the exception of some which have been placed at his disposal by a pedagogic friend. It may be added that examinations are productive of this particular fruit. Work is nearly over; the gaze of the master is averted; the boy waves his pen in triumph, as though it were a flag, and writes words of mystic meaning. The term's extremity is the boy's opportunity.

It is proposed to classify, so far as may be, boys' blunders, and thus prepare the way for a scientific study of a most interesting subject.

Perhaps the common cause of error is a greater or less degree of similarity between two Latin words, two English words, a Greek and Latin word; a kindred source of error is a confusion between a Latin and English word, *i.e.*, a supposition that a Latin word can be adequately represented by the English word most near it in form. To this class of mistake the writer has given the name of Anglomania. Another class of error is to be traced to an unwise use of the dictionary. This is so subtle an ailment, and so hard a one for simple folk to guard against, that it may be named, on the analogy of malaria, *dicionaria*. Less common causes of mistake are to be found in false analogy, association of ideas, love of rhyme, and a desire to substitute something familiar and intelligible for something which to the writer was unfamiliar and unintelligible.

1. Similarity of form or sound drove a boy to translate *ecquis* "with horses," and *equo animo ferre* "to carry on horseback." Geography is enriched by the "Isthmus of Panorama," and astronomers are astounded to hear of the "sun entering into the truth," the latter marvel representing the words *sol ineunte vere*. Even Holy Scripture is altered (though *litteris Bibuli recitatis* is translated by "the letters of the Bible having been read," thus showing that the study is not neglected); and so St. Stephen had no interest for one boy beyond the fact that "he made the first engine;" while the longer form of the name Silas was stated to be Silenus, "who," as the examiner gravely remarked, "was quite a different person." Matins, being somewhat ecclesiastical, may be mentioned in this connection. It was defined as "something they wear on their feet;" the word seeming to be confused with pattens. A man provided with these and little else might be described as "three parts naked," and this condition was thought by one scholar to be expressed by *nudius tertius*. The poor equipment of this imaginary man recalls a dialogue recently overheard. Boy A: "I say, what does *pauper equidem* mean?" Boy B: "Why, a poor knight, of course, you ass." Boy A: "'A poor knight!' that would be *pauper nox*, you fool." Perhaps this poor knight was in the mind of one who wrote "his relations snore by chance" as the equivalent for *ejus casu sternuntur proximi*. This scholar disregarded the order of the words, and was not particular "to a T." A painful consciousness of a common disregard of law and order drove a youth to declare that "ten laws of men ought to be written;" this would seem to refer to a pre-Sinaitic period. The original version merely says, *decemviri legibus scribendis*. Another rendering of these same words evidently dates from a post-Sinaitic era: "The laws were written in December." In connection with Sinai it may be said that, in answer to a question intended to draw forth "Sihon," came "Magog." This student obviously was more conversant with the city of London than with his Bible; such accidents must occur in a foundation that is at once civic and religious.

The law-student before named would be interested to hear that "it is not lawful to know the cause of his high;" the Roman writer merely says, *non licet sui commodi causa nocere alteri*; the English is obscure. One of the errors is shared by

a boy who gives "higher and higher" as the English of *alter et alter*. Sometimes personal prejudice warps the translator's judgment; no follower of Walton would have thought *feriæ illæ piscatorum* to mean "those beasts of fishermen;" nor would a misogynist have translated *caelestes implicitura comas* by "about to join her companions in heaven."

So, again, a certain rule of Latin syntax mentions "knowledge, memory, and other affections of the mind." One who regarded Latin syntax as Dr. Blimber's pupils regarded the "ancient Romans" wrote "other afflictions of the mind;" while another, instead of "*domos*, rarely *domus*," wrote "really *domus*." A like antipathy to Latin accident made a boy describe nominatives as "the ancient foes of the Britons." Memory of a noble sport led a boy to twist *hic mos apud Thrakas instituitur* into "They caught this mouse near Thrace;" being skilled in the art of slaughter, he gives "destroyed badly" as a fair representation of *perdere maluit*. So our Sinaitic friend finds legal language in *saltus Dictæos*, which he translates as "aforesaid groves." A chemical boy thinks Esau to have been allured by a "mess of potash;" a young farmer writes, "Which field? he asked," for *rogavit quid agerent*; a man milliner says, "I am clothed in white," and "Is he clothed in gold?" while the original has respectively *vescor albo* and *vescitur auro*. Recent experience of domestic discomfort must have caused a young scholar to see "Such a house!" in *ite domum*. In order to realize the series of confusions contained in the following translation, the reader must turn to Horace's Odes, I. xvi. 13, *et seq.* We will take the words in the approved crib fashion: *Prometheus* (Prometheus) *fertur* (brings) *coactus addere* (an unwilling adder) *principi Lino* (to Prince Linus); *particulam* (a part) *desectam* (follows him) *undique* (over the waves) *et* (and) *vim* (I may wish) *apposuisse* (to have placed) *insani leonis* (the mad lion) *nostro stomacho* (in our stomach). Anglomania crops up here, *addere* being translated by "adder." "To make a treaty with joyful Greeks" is a pleasing performance, but does not fairly represent *Argolicas fœdare latebras*, even though *fœdus* is a treaty and *latus* is joyful.

Personal preference must have made a young grammarian write the "potative mood" in place of the more usual form, "optative;" and recent potation must be held accountable for the remark, "The optative mood is a mood in a verb when any-

body knows you have done anything." There is a lack of "lucidity" in this statement. A kindred preference, coupled with association of words (*fruur* and *vescor* occurring in the same rule), led a boy to write "Truly I always feed" as the English of *vere fruor semper*; while such association, apart from personal preference, drove a youth to utter "Emmanuel" as the English of the Latin word *victor*, and another to define a dependent sentence as "one that hangs from its clause" — the pun was unintentional. So another defines "republican" as "sinner," less from political prejudice than from imperfect remembrance of Scriptural language; and a chubby-faced chorister altered Milton's "full-voiced choir" to "full-faced choir." A similar effect of association of words may be traced in the reply to the question as to the essential feature of English verse: "quantity" had been stated to be important in Latin verse; "Quality" naturally suggested itself as of corresponding import in English. May this authority bear that in mind when he becomes a poet!

2. The mind of man loves to substitute something intelligible for that which is unintelligible, just as English sailors changed "Bellerophon," which had for them no meaning, into "Bully ruffian," which conveyed a definite idea. So an English boy, seeing no sense in the word "ycleped," makes Milton state that "in heaven yelped Euphrosyne." The same tendency urged another to say, "Find out some uncouth swell," in place of the usual reading, "cell." A third described some one as "a man three feet high." It appeared upon inquiry that this person had been called by the master a "freebooter;" this word, conveying no idea, had been altered by the boy to "three-footer," and this had by him been expressed more elegantly in words quoted above. This dwarf may have belonged to a people referred to in a passage *trepidabat populus*, "the people was three-footed." This last error is due to ambitious etymology, of which we shall say more later on. The Bellerophon class of error finds another exemplification in an answer to a legal question. A young law-student stated that the statute of Præmunire had to do with "purple boots," which were by it declared illegal. He had apparently been told something about "papal bulls;" these words conveying no idea to his mind, he had substituted others more familiar and intelligible. Painful recollections must have led another to describe a "weep-

ing birch" as "a birch that makes you weep," while experiences of another kind made his friend define "eating cares" as "troubles because you are tired of eating," the triumvirate being completed by one who said that "spoiler's hand" meant "father's hand, because he spoils you;" if so, how wise in any boy to "tremble" and "shrink" from its corrupting influence!

3. Reference was made just now to ambitious etymology, as a source of error. For instance, *vultus* comes from *volo*, "because every one would wish to have a face;" *vinum* from *vivo*, because "wine makes you lively"—it is to be hoped that in these days of Bands of Hope the youth was not speaking from personal experience. "Radical comes from *rado*, to shave, because it is a thing that you can cut from;" perhaps Irish landlords would say rather that Radicals prefer shaving others, and shaving them rather close. Another authority derives the word from *radius*, a ray: "a radical is when the sun sends its rays upon you." There is a want of clearness in the remark, but it seems to imply that Radicalism is an aggravated form of lunacy. It is well known that boys are by nature Conservative; some seem to have a prejudice against Dissent, probably because of its connection with Radicalism. By a boy with such bias a Nonconformist is defined as "a person who cannot form anything;" while another, with malicious misspelling, calls them "the decenters of old times." A Conservative is described as "a person interested in politics who does not like Mr. Gladstone." There is a *peu sçait* in that statement which is very attractive. One boy shows some ingenuity in defining two things of which he does not know much. "A Conservative is a person who does not wish to disestablish the Church." "The Established Church is one which the Liberals want to disestablish." Franchise proved a stumbling-block to some; one defined it as "anything belonging to the French people," while another states it to be a "sort of scent." The latter scholar must have been thinking of *frangipanni*—if that be the way to spell the unfamiliar word. There was some confusion in the mind of one who, being asked to state what he knew of Wesley, wrote, "Wesley was the founder of the Wesleyan Chapel, who was afterwards called Lord Wellington; a monument was erected to him in Hyde Park, but it has been taken down lately." The mention of one great name suggests others. "Luther intro-

duced Christianity a thousand years ago; his birthday was in November, 1883. He was once a pope; he lived in the time of the Rebellion of Worms." "Socrates was no use at fighting; he was very ugly; he had a flat nose, his eyes stuck out; he destroyed some statues, and had to drink the shamrock." Being asked to give the name of the "greatest living poet," one boy wrote, "Homer, whose poems are the best, as stated in Question V." On turning to that question, we find the words, "What poet was wiser than Homer? What poem is better?" This sentence, which was to be turned into Latin, had been meant merely to test knowledge of genders and such details; the earnest-minded scholar found in it information of modern interest. A schoolfellow gives the following list of Homer's writings: "1, Homer's Essays; 2, Virgil; 3, the *Æneid*; 4, Paradise Lost." It was a student of riper years who, being asked to state his views on "the Homeric question," wrote, "Some people say that these poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name."

Being requested to explain "balance of power," a boy misread it as "balance of poker," and said, "It means making the poker stand up stright (*sic*), e.g., on your hand." The misplacement of a letter may be serious; fancy a genitive absolute being "casual"! The youth was careless who translated *iterum missi* by "they sent him on a journey," but the senders are more blameworthy if they took so little care that "he set out battered;" the Latin is *quasi perfectio* (*munere*). This youth evidently connects *quasi* with *quatio*, and *perfectio* with *proficisci*.

Confusion is sometimes worse confounded by the use of the modern pronunciation of Latin. Only by a combination of this with ordinary carelessness and a touch of Anglomania could we get "I lived here" for *vicisti iram*. The same tendency is to be observed in *huc tenuere*, "They held their hook;" *aut captæ aut mersæ*, "They were captured without mercy." Anglomania crops up again in *posceris exta bovis*, "You have seen a large bull," or "He is gone out with the oxen." In each case "extra" is in what serves the translator for a mind. Thus *volucrum Hebrum* is "a Hebrew bird," *cave vicino* "a neighboring cave," *cava dolia* "slaves in a cave"—here is a confusion between *dolium* and *δοῦλος*—the latter word is elsewhere translated by "dollar," and is said to be worth "five minæ." *Sacerdotes ieverunt supplices* is thought

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by one authority to mean "The priestesses sent him supplies," by another "The priestesses came to him in surplices." In contrast with these well-clad ladies, some things are said to be "naked with fear;" the Latin is *nuda fere*. It seems more likely that dogs should be able *bibere currentes* than "to drink currants," especially if it is their nature to "avoid (*sic*) novelty," as is declared to be the case with men; the Latin writer says, *est natura hominum novitatis avida*, but great minds will always differ. *Facies* can mean two things; it is possible to choose the wrong one; *quod optimum factu videbitur, facies*, has been construed "This face seems to be made the best." This is incorrect, but complimentary. Accuracy and politeness are both lacking in the statement, "You will make an awful man," which has been given as the English of *dira viro facies*. Such words might be addressed to a Tartan, if that word means (as one boy said it did) "an inhabitant of Tartary;" this is not the usual definition of the word, any more than a chaplet is "a person who looks after a chapel," or a publican "a man who says his prayers in public." In connection with public, it may be remarked that "turned out of the public" is too colloquial a version of *rapti e publico*. It may have been one who resents such expulsion that represents the cruel Herod as getting the title of "Tea-trark, because he invented or was fond of tea." A greater familiarity with the Bible than with the Latin accident was shown by the boy who, hearing another give *altus* as the genitive of *alius*, said to the master, "Please, sir, wasn't there a good man in the Bible of that name?" He perhaps knew more of Elias than our other friend knew of Herod. If this answer showed fondness for Holy Scripture, another proved hatred for mathematics: "Algebra is derived from *ἀλγος*, grief." Anglomania is seen in its simplest form in *usque*, "and we;" *ne mentiaris*, "Don't mention it;" *stridens*, "striding;" *pernicibus*, "pernicious." The disease has reached a more acute stage when *flagellis lacerati* is translated by "when they see the flags;" *bestiarum dentibus necatus esse dicitur*, "The beast's teeth were made into necklaces." Experience of unselfish treatment must have prompted a boy to turn the selfish and familiar statement *me juvat ire sub umbras* into "He helps me to go under his umbrella." The process might produce some discomfort, but not such as must have been felt by the man who "lived in a door;" his position was worse

than that of the lady whose dwelling was a shoe. The Greek author merely says, *ἡνολέε θυράν*—the translator was a bit of an etymologist, who, having heard that *okos* meant a house, fell into a logical fallacy. The same misdirected power led another to give "makes a nest" for *renidet*, because *nidus* means a nest. *Fungor* means "to perform," but it does not follow that *defunctus* means "deformed;" "most learned" might be represented by *doctissimi*, but *hominissimi* is not the correct Latin for "most men;" *primum* is "first," but you do not fairly translate *at primum* by "at first;" *ἄμην* does not mean "wine," even though it may be expressed by "port." So an attic is usually high, but "the Attic boy" may not refer to the "topmost boy;" *is* is "he," and the objective of "he" is "him," as we all know, yet we do violence to the Latin tongue when we represent *is liber* by "hymn-book."

The Anglomaniac must have been suffering severely when he translated *conversus in aquilonem* by "turned into an aqueduct;" perhaps he had been studying the "Metamorphoses." His friend showed an equal disregard for the niceties of the Latin tongue and for the movements of the heavenly bodies when he stated that "the moon flies before the clouds splendidly." The original statement was commonplace—*luna fugatis nubibus splendet*. Some simple sentences seem to bring on alarming attacks of the disease under discussion; at times these learned doctors disagree—error is manifold. *Quid Milonis intererat interfici Clodium?* is the question: "While Milonis was dying he killed Clodius," says one; "Why did Milo agree to kill Clodius?" asks another; "What was the matter with the millions that Clodius should interfere?" inquires a third; "What millions perished at the killing of Clodius!" exclaims a fourth in horror. A like variety is to be found in the translation of *repente viso filio oppressa gaudio exanimata est*: 1, "Having seen the repented son, I rejoice;" 2, "By the repentance of her son her joy was suppressed, but now it is out of date" (*ex*, out of; *ata*, date?); 3, "Thou repent, vicious son; the rejoice oppressed; he examined himself;" 4, "By repenting of seeing her son, she was oppressed by a gaurdian (*sic*) and was killed."

After these violent outbursts, we will restore tone to our system by specimens of milder madness. *Quid latet?* "Why is he late?"; *de improvviso*, "concerning

provisions." In construing *de pace* "about a mile" the young scholar tried to avoid "concerning," against which his master waged war, and to disguise the presence of Anglomania; he would have liked to translate *pace* by "pace," but thought "mile" a judicious synonym. It may have been out of compliment to the aforesaid master that another boy changed *ampla domus saepe domino dedecori fit* into "A large house is often decorated by the master." A memory of stern discipline must have induced another to do such violence to the Latin as to make *imperio retineret* mean "the command of his retinue." Can it have been the recollection of corporal punishment—which has long been out of date—that led a boy to translate *condunt sidera* "They beat upon their sides;" and was he thinking of the parental grief at the sight of the traces of that punishment when he gave "The parents tear their hair" as the English of *parent crinesque resolvunt*? It must have been after reading "the letters of the Bible" that one thought *pecudesque locuta* to mean "beasts and locusts." Was this the fare of which his friend was thinking when he construed *fedum exitu* by "food going out"? Dogs must have been in the mind of the scholar who wrote, "They howl at comets," as representing *exulabant comites*; he may have had a faint recollection of *ululo* and the attitude of dogs towards the moon.

A love of rhyme was the bane of him who altered "quips and cranks" into "quanks and chanks," and of him who, having rightly joined "*quum* and *quominus*," proceeded to combine "*dum* and *dominus*" as words that demand a subjunctive.

A slight misspelling may produce serious results: "mild sauce" is a strange equivalent for *leni fonte*, but it is terrible when *longius volvens* appears as "rolling father," and *ecce fugurtha* as "low Jugurtha;" the character of the latter does not stand high, but the Latin does not warrant the use of the contemptuous adjective in that passage.

The insertion of a syllable may considerably alter the sense: *omnes venundati* is not accurately represented by "All had poison given to them."

Sometimes there is confusion between a Greek word and a Latin word something like it in form. Instances of this are to be found in *πορεύσθαι ἰσχυρῶς*, "to walk like an ass;" *πλήν ἀνδραπόδων*, "full of slaves;" *cava dolia*, "slaves in a cave."

An observer of the heavenly bodies makes *atris serpentibus* mean "seven

stars;" another, with eye on Olympus, but mind on earth, having heard that the gods drink nectar, proclaims *nectarines* to be their food; while a friend, with imperfect recollection of a former statement, declares that they eat "ammonia." In connection with eating, it may be observed that one youth wrested *convivos avidas* to mean "lifeless birds," while his neighbor, sitting in imagination before this delicacy, translated *pars in frusta secant* "part they cut in vain;" *frusta* and *frustra* were alike enough for him.

Æneas was in evil plight when he was *mæsto defixus lumina vultu*, but the scholar exaggerated his misfortune when he described him as "transfixed through the eye with a javelin to the wall;" even Polyphemus was in less sore a strait. The translator must have been thinking of Æneas's eye under those conditions when he gave "watery machine" as the equivalent for *æquata machina*.

4. A somewhat servile devotion to a dictionary is evidenced by such expressions as *cur pellem facitis*? for "Why do you hide?;" *qui radius*? for "Who spoke?;" *desquamare murum* for "to scale a wall." *Tergum da* suggests leapfrog rather than restitution; *ego et tu sunt putei* does not fairly represent "I and you are well;" *gallus* is a cock and *corvus* is a crow, but *corvus galli* is not equivalent to "cock-crow." *Dum tranquillus juvenis* for "while still a youth;" *morti posuit*, "he put to death;" *intelligere dor*, "I am given to understand," fall under this same category of error. One boy stated that a woman "wept one hundred and twenty gallons of tears;" this seemed unlikely. The Greek was *εκατόν εἰχεν κόρον*. On turning to Liddell and Scott, it was found that *κόρος* sometimes meant a dry measure of the above-named capacity. The ingenious youth had passed over all the usual meanings to choose one that bordered on the absurd. Like ingenuity was shown by one who translated—for a pentameter—"the cloud, which was before, flies" by *nubes, quæ fuit ante, muscas*.

We will conclude with different translations of a simple sentence. *Pyrrhus Roman legatum misit Cineam virum præstantissimum*: 1, "Pyrrhus, a Roman legate sent to the Crimea standing for strength;" 2, "Pyrrhus was sent to Rome to read to Cineas, a very Protestant man;" 3, "Pyrrhus, the Roman law-giver, sent to Cyprus a man's reward;" 4, "Pyrrhus sent a Roman having red" (*sic*); 5, "Pyrrhus sent a Roman legion to China, or, a Chineaman to Rome." What misplaced ingenuity! *Ohe jam satis!*

From Temple Bar.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

It was a gala day at Strasburg in the year 1840. A statue of Gutenberg was to be erected in the old Herb Market, and a grand *cortège* representing the industrial corporation of the city was to parade the streets with every demonstration of public rejoicing.

Foremost amongst the guilds came that of the printers, in honor of their illustrious master; and next, that of the glass-stainers, Strasburg enjoying the reputation of being pre-eminent in the art of glass-staining; then followed the coopers, and the gardeners, and fourteen or fifteen chariots filled with important personages and holiday-makers. Gustave Doré, then eight years old (having been born on Twelfth Day, 1832), was the most rapt spectator of the *fête*. The streets decorated with triumphal arches, the balconies with their flowers and gay-colored draperies, the flags flying, the bands playing, impressed him vividly and deeply. He was everywhere, and saw everything. It was remarked that as soon as the day's pleasure was over, it appeared to have become to him a thing of the past, he never spoke of it, and the memory of the whole affair seemed to have been swept out of his mind.

Not very long after, however, it was proposed, in the school where he and his brother had been placed, to keep the *fête* day of the master, Professor Vergnette, in some special manner. The boys held council together, and Gustave quietly suggested that they should reproduce the *fête* of Gutenberg. This was declared to be a wild and impossible scheme, but Gustave offered to take charge of the whole affair and be responsible for everything. On the appointed day everything was in readiness. Four chariots drawn by some of the schoolboys were filled with the representatives of the four corporations. Gustave himself was at the head of the glass-stainers, got up as a mediæval artist, in a Rubens hat and paper ornaments. His brother Ernest commanded the painters' association, and Arthur Kratz (afterwards a distinguished man, and Doré's life-long friend and companion), personified the chief cooper.

Whilst marching round the Cathedral Square they would stop now and then to work at their different trades; the gardeners made bouquets and flung them to the crowd; papers were issued from the printing press, and Doré made sketches of the people, and when some one recog-

nized a striking likeness, it was realized that he was making real drawings.

They finally drew up before the professor's house, and presented him with their four banners. These were perhaps the most marvellous of Doré's achievements, for all the insignia upon them had been drawn from memory. The printers' banner displayed presses and papers, the coopers' all their old craft symbols, and on his own he had painted the ancient lantern of the *peintres verriers* in the form of a star with colored glass points, and at its base a well-known stained-glass window of the cathedral. In giving these details M. Kratz observes that this was the starting-point of his career, and that, of all the precocious feats performed by youths whose talents raised them above the common level, never was known such a prodigy as Gustave Doré proved himself to be when quite a little child, planning and successfully carrying out such a marvellous imitation of the *fête* of Gutenberg as he then executed from memory.

After this memorable day, the constant assertion of Gustave's mother that her son was a genius began to be believed, and in the evening, when the Doré family assembled in the common drawing-room, his father, a civil engineer, with his plans, the grandmother with her favorite copy of "Racine," Ernest and Emile playing at soldiering, Gustave would sit at his little table drawing quaint figures in his copy-book. Nothing, it would be thought, could be less likely to produce the wild flights of fancy which afterwards distinguished his *crayon vertigineux* than this peaceful, monotonous home life. Whence could have come the extravagant dreams, the lurid lights, the strange, lugubrious forms with which he loved to people scenes of every imaginable horror? Nor did there ever come a time when this mild domesticity was exchanged for experiences more likely to foster fantastic imaginings. His life was wholly uneventful; his own family were his chosen companions, and no place was so full of enjoyment to him as his own studio and his own fireside. At nine years old Doré was sent to the Strasburg College, and from thence to the Lycée Charlemagne in Paris, where his reputation for drawing had already preceded him. Long before his school days were over he had begun to illustrate Balzac, Rabelais, and Eugène Sue; he paid for his own tuition by illustrating comic journals, but it never entered into his head to take lessons in drawing, and, although at one time he half lived in

the galleries of the Louvre, he was never seen to copy the smallest work. He would constantly be remarked making notes in a little memorandum-book, but never copied faces or figures. In the year 1848 M. Doré died, leaving only a small property, which was found barely sufficient to keep his widow and three boys in tolerable comfort. Gustave then set to work to help his mother with his earnings. She joined him in Paris, and a residence was chosen in the Rue St. Dominique. The house was already famous, having belonged to the Duc de St. Simon. It was spacious and comfortable, but for many years Gustave only occupied a very small chamber leading out of his mother's bedroom, which he often used as a studio, as it was large and well lighted, and he had a particular fancy for working in "mother's room." His own little chamber is still said to bear the aspect of a schoolboy's sanctum; strewn with photographs, books, and engravings, a bust here and there, and on the wall a small bas-relief of his own profile.

At the age of seventeen Doré took his rank as one of the best designers of the day, and there became no question as to his amazing talent. He was extravagantly delighted with success, and was very ambitious. He felt in his heart that he was an artist, but Paris only regarded him as a draughtsman, a word he deprecated and deeply resented. Unfortunately he was fed, at this time, with an immense amount of injudicious flattery, which led him to discontent and disappointment with more reasonable criticism and truer friends, and to disregard advice that would have placed him ultimately on a higher level. He believed that his exceptional genius emancipated him from treading the uphill road of preliminary study. He could not bear the idea of working upon fixed principles. All that he could be got to do was to hunt up old engravings from masterly originals, learning them as it were by heart, and copying them from memory.

These feats of minute and perfect reproduction were indeed marvels in themselves. Many instances have been given of this faculty, and a notable one from the pen of M. Daubrée, who was his travelling companion one summer in Switzerland, and was surprised to observe that whilst passing through the most exquisite scenery he never made so much as a single sketch. He would sit for hours gazing before him, so quiet that he almost seemed stupefied; so that Daubrée at last could

not help asking if he did not think enough of the scenery to try to reproduce it.

"Think enough of it, my friend?" said Doré. "Wait, and you shall see." One day they are kept in-doors by bad weather, and Gustave did not appear at all. The next morning he invited the party into his room, where he displayed no less than twenty completed studies, — some in oil and some in water-colors, — faithful and exquisite sketches of the scenes through which they had passed! He had painted them all from memory; working straight away for more than four and twenty hours.

"His way of getting hold of an idea," adds M. Daubrée, "sitting down to delineate it, and never stopping till his task was accomplished, was the most extraordinary thing in the world. The way he worked was quite insensate."

At all times an indefatigable worker, his rapidity of execution was so great that he was often reluctant to mention the actual time he had spent upon a drawing. "People would immediately think my pictures were worth nothing," he would say, "if they knew how long I had taken to paint them."

It was in the summer of 1854 that Doré made his first public appearance as a painter. He exhibited two pictures in the Paris Salon, but no notice whatever was taken of them. It was not realized that the illustrator was turning seriously into a painter, nor, in fact; could he afford to abandon the work which meant ready money, for a mere chimera of future greatness. The home in the Rue St. Dominique depended to a great extent upon Doré; it was an expensive one, and lavish in hospitality. He gave himself no rest; and it was said by one of the family that for a whole year he did not sleep on an average more than three hours out of the twenty-four. His life was one continual come and go of publishers, authors, journalists, and the like, and of excitement that never abated; yet he never owned even to a headache, but only worked and worked, and worked.

Arthur Kratz said of him, "It would have killed me to work on like that. I don't know how he managed it; and please observe that this was not an occasional practice, but his daily habit for years! I have often thought about him as I saw him there, and confess that I have never known any other human being who slaved so persistently as he. He never seemed out of temper, was never ill, and rarely ailing; during those first years in Paris he performed miracles, that is all one can say."

In the winter of 1854 and spring of 1855, he completed four large pictures, but they went back to his studio, and connoisseurs said, "He has it all in him, but he lacks school." He clung persistently to his own conviction that genius is in itself all-sufficient. He did not believe in the apprenticeship of art. He did not, or would not, believe in the hard fact that no profession can be a legitimate success which has not been learned through legitimate means.

In 1868 Doré came to London, and found the fame as a painter which his countrymen had so resolutely denied him. In France he was acknowledged to be the greatest illustrator of his time. His genius was admitted, and his intuition as a translator, but it was asserted and reasserted that he had no school in painting, no practical knowledge of fundamental rules. The mechanical training upon which the art of painting absolutely insists was absent from his work. A few years ago it was said to a distinguished French amateur then in England, "Come to Bond Street and see the pictures of your greatest living painter." And this was the reply: "What? Doré our greatest painter? You mean *your* greatest painter. He is our greatest illustrator; but a painter—never! He is neither greatest nor great; indeed we never knew he was a painter at all until you told us so."

In England there was no doubt as to Doré's popularity. His grand illustrated classics had won for him an enthusiastic appreciation before the Doré Gallery had begun to draw its crowds; and when the "Neophyte," the "Christian Martyrs," and the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," appeared, they were at once accepted as among the noblest works of art.

Well received as he was everywhere, the hero of dinners, balls, and *fêtes*, he was always longing for the old home life in the Rue St. Dominique. His love for his mother was absorbing; and at the age of forty he lived with her just as if he had been a child. After her death he described himself as most unhappy and heartbroken. In a pathetic letter to his friend, Canon Harford, he writes, "Work does not console me—nothing consoles me; for I am alone, alone, alone, without family and almost without friends. Existence has no longer any charm for me, for I have had the providence not to know how to build up a home for myself, and some one to lean upon. Without that, life is but a cursed and absurd thing."

The solitude of the great artist, who

was a man with a boy's heart, a woman's tenderness, and a poet's fancy, did not last very long. Only a year later another funeral took place from the Rue St. Dominique, and some of the most distinguished men in France followed the *cor-tège*. The address spoken over the grave was by Alexandre Dumas, and amidst the last expressions of reverence and regret were these remarkable words, "In France, in France alone, people often passed ironically, or what is worse still, indifferently before those grand canvases of which the composition and the idea were always majestic." Doré suffered horribly from not having been understood. Who was wrong? He who suffered, or he who did not understand? The painter who aspired to the applause of the world, or the passer-by who refused it to him?

C. E. MEETKERKE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine:
A SICILIAN DOCTOR.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

THAT dreadful doctor! He was dreadful, no doubt, but he was the best to be found in Syracuse, and we had to make the best of him—as we made the best of the queer food, ramshackle accommodation, and big brass brazier, with a wooden ledge for the feet, that was supposed to warm our fireless room. Fortunately, my husband's illness was not very severe, and although it was maddening to hear profound quiet enjoined by a physician who lavished on us visits of two hours at a stretch, night and morning, talking all the while in a boisterous voice, and varying his professional discourse by lively anecdotes of Garibaldian fights and dramatic reference to cannonades and volleys of musketry, our patient recovered in spite of the noise. Certainly the fever could never have been of the typhoidal character taken for granted by the too loquacious doctor, or my poor Antonio would have been killed outright by those stentorian performances.

After all, things might have been worse, and, if Antonio had to fall ill on his sketching tour, it was well that he only broke down at Syracuse instead of Girgenti or Calatafimi. As he began to get better we could afford to laugh at our overwhelming physician, and to think the lowering treatment insisted on by him a salutary counterpoise to his extremely heating conversation. But there were moments when

we both longed to throw the man out of window, and when the sight of his unwieldy, hippopotamus-like form and the boom of his Sicilian voice almost drove us to desperation — for he still came twice a day, and evidently having but few patients on his list lengthened his evening calls. It was no use for Antonio to shut his eyes and pretend to go to sleep; the only effect of that manœuvre was to cause Dr. Rospini to address himself pointedly to me and pour out queer stories — generally too broad for repetition — for my exclusive entertainment. This was kind, not to say magnanimous, for I had had frequent passages at arms with him; had sniffed at his antiquated treatment of fever, and naturally owed him a grudge for the wild terror he had caused me by his false prophecies of the worst typhoidal symptoms. But he was not offended; remained impervious to all hints as to Antonio's need of rest, and never realized that we longed to see him take up his hat and go. However flattering, his pleasure in our company was inconvenient, and we could not reciprocate it. At all events, I couldn't; Antonio was more lenient, and began to hope that Dr. Rospini loved him too much to charge for superfluous visits. I need not say that the idea was unfounded.

At last, as a forlorn hope against boredom, I took to studying our pertinacious friend, both as regarded the inner and outer man; made thumbnail sketches of him during his displays of eloquence, noted his peculiarities of speech and gesture, and listened to his varied conversation. His person was short, thick-set, bull-necked, but his square, fleshy face was saved from commonness by his lively, light eyes and massive brows. He had an actor's mouth, with full, mobile lips, that sometimes took a humorous twist, but were oftener thrust out like those of a fish, and grotesquely emphasized his speech. His loud voice had a queer, resonant, southern twang, that always reminded me of the leathery smack of genuine old Marsala. There was a fund of waste power in the man. He had much learning, much thought, much versatility of mind, but lacked the cohesive power that alone turns faculties to account. "His gift of the gab" had been fatal to him. His best energies evaporated in talk. His vanity had baited the snare. One could see that he had the habit of holding forth to an admiring audience and had never learned to despise the poor triumph of dazzling inferior minds. He was a type of the cof-

fee-house scientist and politician so common in southern Italy. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

To hear such men talk, their energy seems fit to cope with the hardest problems, their will-power of the stuff to dominate the world; but in fact they have too much to say to be able to do, and their theories remain unhatched to the last. So it was with Dr. Rospini. To hear him discourse on Antonio's fever, for instance! How he hammered away at the smallest details, and fired off volleys of Latin terms! How, not content with going over and over the same ground, he showed us all the workings of his mind with respect to the case, and the exact path of reasoning leading to such and such — often doubtful — conclusion! There was no end to it, and, somehow, even the large, clumsy gestures emphasizing his words failed to bring conviction to my soul. He seemed often intoxicated by his own eloquence, and digressing into the fields of literature and science would bawl with increasing vigor until his poor hearers were almost crazed by the tempest of sound. He was acutely patriotic, and never tired of dilating on the merits of his own birthplace. To hear him it might have been supposed that neither London nor New York could hold a candle to Messina, while no other Sicilian town was to be mentioned in the same breath. The grandeur of Messina was unrivalled, not only in commerce, but as a centre of science, statecraft, and intellectual progress in general. Messina was Liberal to the core, was tolerant, enlightened; Messina's school of medicine was foremost not only in Sicily, in Italy, but — and here, with a comprehensive gesture, Dr. Rospini demolished at a blow the faculties of Paris, Vienna, and every other capital. The ancient glories of Salerno's healing art were nothing to those of his Messina. Palermo! he sniffed at it. Syracuse! it was beneath contempt. Why did he honor it by his presence? Well, he was tied by family reasons, would give no details, but, *basta!* we might understand; and the emphatic wave of his stumpy hands with which he, as it were, swept Syracuse out to sea, gave us to understand a great deal.

"And what of Catania?" I meekly suggested, with a sly glance at my invalid.

"Catania!" roared our friend, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang that set the quinine bottles dancing; "Catania is a *hole*, a mediæval *hole*!" Then he paused, protruded both lips, and glared at

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Antonio and me with the air of one who had finally knocked a question on the head. Then, with a snorting laugh, "I'll give you a notion of Catania. Once upon a time I was asked to give a lecture at the university there. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you are aware that I am a disciple of Darwin?' The big-wigs shuddered, shrank from me as though I were stricken with the plague.

"A disciple of that excommunicated atheist!" they gasped, and they never troubled me again. The sort of lecture to please them," pursued the doctor in a mocking falsetto, "was one I heard delivered there by a learned professor of the city. It turned on the interpretation of a passage of Scripture, Matthew xvii. 27, regarding the tribute money. According to some commentators the miraculous fish with the piece of money in its mouth was indubitably the *sgombero*, or mackerel, that is so abundant in Sicilian waters. 'But,' continued the lecturer, 'I always had doubts upon this head, and on discussing the matter with my eminent friend, Monsignore Z——, he pointed out to me that after much study he had come to the conclusion that the *sgombero* being a salt-water fish could scarcely be an inhabitant of the Sea of Galilee. And he became so interested in the question that he set off to Palestine to sift the matter for himself. Following the example of the Apostle Peter he cast a hook into the lake, and presently captured a prodigious eel. The mystery was solved at once; eels have a species of pouch behind their gills, so the fish with the tribute money must have been an eel. Here, gentlemen, is the head of the eel caught by monsignore in the Sea of Galilee, and there is the pouch behind the gills.' That is what passes for science at Catania," sneered the doctor. "Do you think such rubbish would go down at Messina? No! Messina keeps pace with modern thought."

"But I've heard that the Clericals are still pretty strong there, too," gently suggested Antonio.

Doctor Rospini leaped from his chair. "The Clericals? Puh! They can't do much harm now, my good sir — But yes" — and he pressed a finger against his nose — "they were rather powerful years ago. I was a match for them, however," and he chuckled loudly. "Don't you know the story of the baron's body? No? Then I'll tell it you."

And plumping squarely down on his chair again the doctor began as follows: —

"Young as you are, you must have

heard of that valiant Liberal, Baron N——, and all his good deeds in Messina. During the great cholera outbreak he did the work of twenty men, tending the sick night and day, feeding the widows and orphans, and spurring the authorities to fresh exertions. Well, he did too much; for at the end of the epidemic he broke down, was attacked by typhoid, and had no strength to fight it. His case was almost hopeless from the first, and he knew it. As you are aware, he was an advanced thinker, the leader of our anti-Clerical party, and he determined to stick to his colors. He was sure the Blacks would make a fight for his soul, and try to get the credit of bringing him back to the fold *in extremis*. There should be no death-bed confession for him. But he foresaw that as the end drew near his pious kindred would leave him no peace and would bring a swarm of priests about his bed. So he called to me, and said: 'Look here, Rospini, old friend! Things are going ill with me, so, while still of sound mind and will, I beg you to remember that it is my express command that no priest shall come near me. I refuse to confess; I refuse to receive the sacrament. Later, my will-power may fail with my bodily strength, and I might yield to the importunities of brother and friends. Therefore, I solemnly charge you to keep the Black dogs out of my sight.' Then, summoning his servants, he told them that he was dying, and enjoined them to admit no one to his room without my leave. 'Remember,' he concluded, 'any one asking to see me, must first speak with Dr. Rospini. He, and he only, is authorized to grant an interview with me.'

"The poor baron had judged rightly of his state, and grew rapidly worse. The clergy soon knew of it, and an eminent monsignore came to the door and asked to see the sick man. He was duly introduced to me, and the sourness of his face showed his dislike to an interview with a Darwinian like myself. He stiffly mentioned his wish to speak with the baron, and inquired what hope there might be of his recovery. I told him that my poor friend could scarcely last for more than forty-eight hours.

"Then it is imperative to see him at once — to administer the last offices of religion. I presume you have no objection?"

"I? Certainly not. Unfortunately, I have no voice in the matter. The baron has expressly forbidden me to allow any priest to approach him."

"H—m! h—m! A sick-bed caprice, no doubt. Surely, my good sir, you would not wish to deprive your patient of the blessed consolations of the Church?"

"My wishes are not in question," I answered with a shrug. "I cannot disobey my friend's orders. No priest is to go near him."

"The monsignore urged his request still more pressingly, but at last had to take his answer and go. But he was not defeated yet. He went straight to the syndic, a noted adherent of the Black party, and lodged a complaint against me. Thereupon the syndic sent for me and questioned my right to exclude his reverend friend. I stated the facts, and refused to break my promise to the dying man. The syndic next tried another dodge. He wrote to the baron's brother to the effect that the parish priest desired to pay a friendly visit to poor N—."

"The request was communicated to the baron, who, immediately sending for me, whispered his fears that this was a fresh move on the part of the 'Black dogs;' 'Yet,' he added, 'I can't well refuse admittance. The *parroco* is a worthy man, and there has been a coldness between us ever since I prevented him from being chosen rector of the university. I should be glad to shake hands with him once more, but you must be present to bear witness that he came only as a friend, not as a confessor.'

"The same evening the *parroco* came and the syndic also, but the latter was shown into the drawing-room. I was sitting on one side of the bed, the baron's brother on the other. He slipped away directly the priest appeared; I remained at my post. In a few moments a servant came with the message that the syndic had something important to say to me. I shook my head, was very sorry, but must beg to be excused for the moment. The *parroco* sat bending over the patient, murmuring soft speeches, but every now and then glanced impatiently at me. There was another knock at the door, another urgent call from the syndic. My poor friend turned his head towards me, and whispered faintly, 'Better go, dear old friend! I'll call you back if necessary.'

"I went, and if you'll believe me, no sooner had I closed the door than that blackguardly *parroco* threw off the mask, and, assuming a confessional tone, bade the baron think of his soul.

"That is my own concern! I have nothing to say to you, nothing to do with you, save as a friend. Here, Rospini,

Rospini, come back! Come back!' You may be sure I wasn't far off, and at his first cry I returned to the room.

"There was my poor friend, half sitting up, panting, angry, excited.

"'Doctor!' he gasped. 'Take witness that I refuse to confess, that I dismiss this worthy gentleman who tried to trap me into confessing my sins to him. Go, reverend sir, go at once!' And with trembling fingers he pointed to the door. The baffled priest slunk away, and the syndic went too.

"A few hours later the baron died. Next morning his brother came to me weeping and wringing his hands. 'What shall we do, doctor, what shall we do?' he cried. 'The clergy refuse my poor brother Christian burial. Ah, if he had at least pretended to confess! *Poveri noi! Poveri noi!*'

"I tried to cheer him; bade him leave everything to me. 'Never mind, if they do refuse to bury the body. It's of no consequence.' The man stared at me, gaping with amazement. 'What do you mean with your "never mind" and "no consequence"?' He must be buried, you know!

"I couldn't waste time explaining things to the poor nunny, so I left him gaping. I knew what must be done, and went tearing round Messina in search of things to embalm my friend's body. I was in de-pair about the principal ingredients, when I ran against a good friend of mine, a silk manufacturer, and luckily related my perplexity.

"'If arsenic will do without the other things, I can let you have any quantity of that!'

"Said and done! We were saved. I threw my arms round the man's neck in a transport of gratitude. The same evening, with the aid of the trembling brother, I conveyed the corpse to a quiet villa outside the town, and set to work with my arsenic. By sunrise next morning I had converted my poor friend into a mummy as dry as a stick, and had even given him a fine coat of brown varnish.

"Now we could defy the priests; no burial rites were needed. The baron was safely locked up in a cupboard in his own—or, rather, in his brother's—house. For a time all went well, but then the heir's superstitious fears revived. Everybody knew that the body was still above ground; people were raising an outcry against him; the authorities beginning to threaten, etc., etc. So he again came to me, weeping and wringing his hands. I

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had got him into the mess — I must get him out of it. And I did.

"The commandant of the citadel had just been changed, and by good luck the new man was a Liberal. So I went to him, told him the whole story, and asked leave to bury the baron within the precincts of the fortress. The request was immediately granted; we interred our mummy in the courtyard, and there it reposed in peace until the downfall of the Bourbon rule. Then the corpse was exhumed, and with all due honor and solemnity properly buried in the new Campo Santo of Messina.

"There was no cremation in those days, you see," concluded the doctor with a sly twinkle, "or I might have given the Black dogs a still stronger shock."

From Belgravia.

AN ORIGINAL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

SOME three or four years before the commencement of the Revolution, Paris counted among its floating population a considerable number of provincial adventurers, mostly of good family but slender means, attracted thither by the hope of bettering their social position, and disposed to profit by any chance of lucrative employment that might fall in their way. Of these not the least noteworthy was a certain Louis de Charliac, a native of Franche-Comté, who, after serving as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment, had quitted the army in a moment of pique, and, realizing the scanty remains of a small paternal heritage, had established himself in an inexpensive quarter of the city, determined to enjoy life while his money lasted, and philosophically leaving the future to take care of itself. He was a strange mixture of audacity and imperturbable coolness, with a strong tendency to practical joking and an utter disregard of the consequences his indulgence in this favorite weakness might possibly entail upon him. His pranks soon became notorious, and innumerable anecdotes are related of him in the "ana" of the day, two or three of which, more particularly illustrating the peculiarities of this singular personage, are worth recording.

A prominent figure in Parisian society at that period was the Chevalier de la Guette, a Gascon by birth and a duellist by profession, who had literally fought his way into a rather equivocal celebrity, by sheer insolence and bravado. A perfect

master of fence, and ready on the slightest provocation — or indeed without it — to display his skill at the expense of some less accomplished adversary, he was an object of dread to peaceful citizens, who, whenever they chanced to meet him in his triumphal progress through the city, took especial care to give him as wide a berth as they possibly could.

One morning while Charliac and a party of his friends were strolling along the Quai des Augustins, and devising among themselves how they could best employ the intervening hours between breakfast and dinner, their attention was suddenly attracted by the unwonted appearance of a *brouette*, or hand-carriage, in shape not unlike a modern Bath chair, and drawn by a servant in gorgeous livery. In it complacently reclined the Chevalier de la Guette, magnificently attired and glancing right and left with as supercilious and self-satisfied an air as if he were occupying the place of honor in a coach and four. The incongruous spectacle of a man, evidently in the enjoyment of robust health, lazily assuming the recumbent posture of an invalid, naturally excited the astonishment of the few individuals scattered about the comparatively deserted quay; most of these, however, recognizing the chevalier, who resided in the quarter, and fearful of incurring his resentment by any imprudent manifestation of surprise, scrupulously refrained from noticing his presence among them. Charliac on the contrary, who since his arrival in Paris had never seen or heard of the redoubtable *spadassin*, not only indulged in a prolonged stare as the latter passed him, but openly expressed his disgust at so ridiculous an exhibition.

"Who in the world is this original," he asked one of his companions, "who allows himself to be wheeled about like a paralytic?"

"Hush!" replied the other, whispering in his ear, "not so loud. The Chevalier de la Guette is not to be trifled with."

"So much the better!" exclaimed the ex-volunteer. "If he has a fancy for lounging in a *brouette*, so have I, and I intend making him vacate his seat in my favor. I consider it highly impertinent that he should presume to show off his airs and graces in this absurd manner, and I am going to tell him so."

"Take my advice and leave him alone," urged his friend. "After all, a man has a right to hire a *brouette* if he chooses."

"I maintain that he has no right whatever to make a fool of himself, and the

best way to prove it to him is to put myself in his place."

"I bet you fifty crowns that he won't agree to that."

"Done," said Charliac. "Wait a moment and you will see."

And without more ado he quickened his pace, and, overtaking the obnoxious vehicle, addressed its occupant with studied politeness as follows:—

"A thousand pardons, monsieur, for interrupting you! But if I may be permitted to make a remark——"

"A remark?" echoed the chevalier, at a loss to comprehend the speaker's meaning. "What may it be?"

"Simply to express my surprise that a man of your age, and in perfect health, should content himself with a conveyance only fit for a cripple!"

Utterly confounded by this audacity, and imagining that none but a madman could possibly venture on such a liberty, M. de la Guette surveyed the intruder with contemptuous indifference, and coolly replied, "You will permit me, also, monsieur, to observe that it is, to say the least, indiscreet to interfere in what does not concern you."

"Perhaps; but you must own that your caprice is a very singular one?"

"Singular or not, you will oblige me by standing aside, and allowing me to continue my promenade."

"No, monsieur!" persisted Charliac, laying his hand on the brouette as he spoke. "I cannot conscientiously suffer you to degrade yourself in the eyes of your fellow citizens, and I insist——"

This was too much for the chevalier's assumed equanimity. "*Ah çà!*" he retorted. "You will have it then!" And stepping leisurely out of his chair he drew his sword, while his adversary, who still wore the uniform of his old regiment, followed his example, and, before many passes had been exchanged, received a thrust in the sword-arm sufficient to disable him.

"You have only yourself to thank for this," haughtily remarked M. de la Guette, carefully wiping his weapon preparatory to resuming his seat.

"I am inclined to think that the blame rests on your shoulders rather than on mine," said Charliac, whose companions were engaged in bandaging the injured limb. "Either way, as things are, the least you can do is to offer me your place in the brouette."

"Anything to get rid of you!" angrily exclaimed the chevalier, irritated by the

other's ironical tone. "And remember, young sir," he added, as he strolled majestically away, "that no one ever crosses my path with impunity!"

"A bad morning's work," grumbled the friend who had suggested the propriety of non-intervention.

"Worse for you than for me," philosophically replied Charliac, installing himself comfortably in the vacant seat; "for you owe me fifty crowns!"

During the first years of the Revolution, our adventurer, the remains of whose slender capital had been long since exhausted, found himself reduced to earning a precarious livelihood by contributing political squibs and paragraphs to the journals of the time. This resource proving insufficient for his wants, he subsequently utilized his imitative propensities by figuring on the boards of a minor theatre, where he obtained a temporary *vogue* by cleverly mimicking the peculiarities of the leading actors of the *Comédie Française*. His natural restlessness, however, soon induced him to throw up his engagement; and, having realized a few hundred francs by his histrionic exertions, he gradually drifted into a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, contenting himself with whatever waifs and strays he could contrive to pick up, and as utterly heedless of the future as La Fontaine's *cigale*. At the commencement of the Reign of Terror his chief occupation consisted in adopting the ultra-democratic phraseology then in fashion, and in frequenting the assemblies of the most advanced republican sections with the view of indulging his love of mystification at the expense of the *sans-culottes*, whom he cordially hated. Nothing pleased him better than to excite the attention of a crowded meeting by the announcement of some pretended conspiracy, and after stimulating the curiosity of his auditors to the highest pitch to turn the affair into a joke, and escape the consequences of his audacity by a timely retreat.

On such mischief intent, he repaired one evening, accompanied by several of his friends, to the Faubourg St. Marceau, where an important question was expected to be discussed, and, as was usual in such cases, everybody began to talk at once. In the midst of the "confusion worse confounded" arising from this Babel-like clamor Charliac gravely stepped forward and demanded permission to address the audience on a matter of urgent interest to the community at large; and this being unanimously accorded, the

orator solemnly installed himself in the tribune and commenced his discourse, as follows:—

"Citizens, it is my painful duty to astonish, I may say to horrify, you by a denunciation which even your sagacity—even all the combined intelligence of this august assembly—would be powerless to divine. With reluctance I accomplish the mission which my admiration of your enlightened patriotism enjoins me to delay no longer; I am bound in honor to speak, and I accept, I do not shrink from, the responsibility. [Bravo!] Yes, citizens, it is my melancholy task to signalize to you the atrocity of a member of this section, who even in this sanctuary of liberty has not scrupled to commit an action deserving universal reprobation. [Name, Name!] You insist on a full explanation; your admirable sense of justice forbids any further reticence on my part. Be it then as you will. The crime I have to denounce, not without hesitation, not without the deepest regret, is this. Within the last few minutes an individual here present, regardless of the sacred rights of property and blindly yielding to one of the basest impulses that disgrace our, alas! too imperfect human nature, has surreptitiously, and it is not too much to add infamously, appropriated to his own use—my pocket-handkerchief!"

In another moment, before his hearers had recovered from the stupefaction into which the unexpected termination of his harangue had plunged them, Charliac quietly stepped out of the tribune, and profiting by an opening in the crowd prepared for him by his companions, succeeded in making good his retreat, leaving the assembly to digest its indignation as best it might.

A still more foolhardy exploit is recorded of him. While strolling with a friend in the garden of the Palais Royal, which at that period was towards evening the invariable resort of a mixed multitude eagerly discussing the latest political news, he conceived the idea of playing an active part in the crowd by assuming the attitude of an "alarmist,"—a term then generally applied to that numerous class of individuals ever ready to credit the most absurd rumors, and instinctively disposed to imagine themselves either tottering on the brink of a precipice, or menaced by some mysterious sword of Damocles suspended over their devoted heads. After a brief conference with his associate, the chief conspirator immediately put his project into execution by slouching his hat over

his eyebrows and enveloping himself in his cloak like a tyrant of melodrama; the two then commenced operations by walking at a rapid pace from one end of the garden to the other, Charliac talking in disjointed but perfectly audible phrases, and his *fidus Achates* gesticulating vehemently.

This was more than enough to attract the notice of the promenaders; in a very short time the couple were followed by a score of inquisitive idlers, striving to catch a word here and there, and not a little puzzled by the production from the speaker's pocket of what appeared to be a letter with an enormous red seal, the contents of which both strangers occasionally glanced at with horror and disgust, looking anxiously round as if desirous of escaping observation. Meanwhile Charliac continued his monologue, now quickening his pace, now suddenly stopping short, but taking especial care that every syllable he uttered should reach the ears of the listeners, while his companion strictly limited his share in the proceedings to an expressive pantomime. "An abominable plot!" indignantly exclaimed the mystifier. "A most diabolical attempt against the liberties of the nation! Read this—no, not now, we are watched!" Here he paused, and, retreating to the opposite extremity of the garden, closely followed by an increasing crowd, presently resumed: "The news is only too authentic, despatched from Versailles by a *certain person*" [emphasizing the words] "intimately acquainted with the manœuvres of the Austrian Cabinet." [Another pause, and a fresh change of place.] "It is still a secret—this vile conspiracy of the aristocrats, but the patriots will triumph in spite of them!"

By this time the number of his hearers, at first confined to a comparatively few individuals, had considerably augmented; and reports of a mysterious plot against the republic having been industriously circulated throughout the precincts of the Palais Royal, those present naturally became impatient to ascertain their truth or falsity, and Charliac, surrounded by a dense mass of questioners was enjoined, at first politely, and afterwards imperatively, to communicate the information he was said to have received. "You insist, fellow-citizens," he replied with a faint show of hesitation, "on my complying with your demand, and force me to commit an indiscretion in revealing what has been confidentially disclosed to me. However reluctant I may be to betray a secret

entrusted to my keeping, I have no alternative but to obey."

So saying, and taking up his position on a chair borrowed from the adjoining *café*, he unfolded with great deliberation the document he held in his hand, and, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by the main body of spectators, gravely proceeded to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. "Frenchmen," he began, "you desire to hear the contents of this paper; I leave it to you to appreciate its incalculable importance to the interests of our glorious and indivisible republic." [Here the speaker paused, and glanced round as if to bespeak attention.] "Listen! At a moment when all Europe is leagued together against us; when treason, fomented by aristocratic corruption, lurks in every corner of the city; it is the duty of a true patriot to come forward and devote himself exclusively to the public welfare. Therefore Dr. Aristide Dufay, member of the faculty of Montpellier, announces that his universal medicine may now be obtained at a reduced price!"

Scarcely had he uttered this insolent bravado, when he was interrupted by a general shout of indignation from the incensed assembly, and a determined rush was made to secure the offender's person. Charliac, however, was equal to the occasion, and, slipping between his assailants with the elasticity of an eel, succeeded in gaining the steps leading out of the Palais Royal; and, threading his way through the network of narrow streets issuing from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, contrived to elude his pursuers. His companion was less fortunate; hemmed in by the crowd, and speedily recognized as the accomplice of the audacious mystifier, he was unanimously condemned to expiate his share in the proceedings by undergoing the penalty of a well-merited ducking in the circular basin conveniently situated for the purpose in the centre of the garden.

Shortly after this experiment on the credulity of the public, Charliac, having been repeatedly warned that he was already regarded with suspicion by the authorities, and that a longer stay in Paris would endanger his personal safety, resolved to profit by the offer of a passport secretly obtained for him under the name of Martin Leblanc, and repaired to Lyons, where he arrived only a few weeks before the commencement of the siege of that city. Escaping by a miracle from the massacre that subsequently decimated the

population, he eventually succeeded in reaching the Swiss frontier disguised as a stonemason; then, having carefully husbanded the little capital he had originally brought with him, he took up his abode at Zürich, and turned his old military experience to account by adopting the profession of a fencing-master. He remained there several years, and only returned to France in 1807, when he was unexpectedly summoned thither by the death of a distant relative, who had bequeathed to him a small but well-cultivated estate in the neighborhood of Besançon. From this time we hear little more of the once notorious mystifier, who appears to have partially abjured the extravagant follies of his youthful days; only one instance of practical joking having—rightly or wrongly—been laid to his charge.

In 1812, the police authorities in Paris were informed by an unsigned letter, that an individual of negro origin was on the point of arriving in France with the intention of assassinating the emperor Napoleon by means of a poisoned needle; and was, moreover, supposed to possess the faculty of modifying his complexion *ad libitum* from black to white. Ridiculous as it may seem, this absurd rumor was so far credited that the strictest injunctions were issued from headquarters, authorizing the different prefects, mayors, and other public functionaries, to arrest any suspected person within their respective jurisdictions—in consequence of which many harmless citizens underwent vexatious examinations and even temporary imprisonment, until they had satisfactorily proved that they had nothing in common with the mysterious negro. The anonymous author of the hoax was never discovered; but it was whispered by more than one of his old contemporaries, who had probably some good reason for their belief, that it could be no other than Louis de Charliac.

CHARLES HERVEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

PERHAPS there is not in all the domain of art a more curious study than that of the power of suggestion over the soul of man. It is a still debated question whether the greatest art is that which allows, or that which disavows, its power. Greek art refused it utterly. Romantic art takes it as its essence.

The spirit of Greek art allows no mys-

tery. In the fine and graphic phrase of Gautier —

It prefers a statue to a phantom, and full noon to twilight. Free from mist and vapor, admitting nothing visionary or uncertain, its least details stand out sharply, strong in form and color. Its dreams are of long cavalcades of milk-white steeds, ridden by lovely naked youths, defiling past against a ground of azure, as upon the friezes of the Parthenon — or of processions of young girls, crowned with garlands and apparelled in strait tunics, bearing in their hands their ivory timbrels, and seeming as if they moved round an enormous urn. The mountains of its landscapes rise up sharp-edged against the sky, the sun reposing on the loftiest peaks, and opening wide, like a resting lion, his golden-lidded eye. Its clouds are shaped and cut, like marble splinters. Its streams fall in sculptured waves from the mouths of sculptured urns. Its shadows gather, dark-massed, beneath its trees. Between its tall reeds, green and vocal as those of Eurotas, glance the round and silvery flanks of a green-haired naiad; or between its sombre oaks Diana passes with arrow-sheaf and flying scarf, followed by her nymphs and yelping hounds.

As it is with the arts of painting and sculpture, so is it with the art which deals in words. Dante, the mightiest of poets, sets his scenes before the mind's eye with a graphic power which leaves nothing to the imagination. The great sights of the "Inferno" stand out like pictures — an unforgettable series. There are the routs of the giddy-aimless, stung by gadflies and fierce hornets, running behind the whirling flag; the crowds at Charon's ferry "staying for waftage," and the fierce old man with eyes like wheels of flame; the lovers of the second circle, blown like cranes upon a mighty wind; the awful marsh, in the slime of which the sullen writhed like eels, and in whose dark waters fought the spirits of the angry; the city with the domes and towers of fire, upon the walls of which the blood-stained Furies, shrieking for Medusa, tore the serpents of their hair; the rapt and disdainful angel who sped dry-footed across the lake amidst the terror-stricken throngs; the great plain rough with lidless sepulchres, each filled with fire and holding its tormented spirit in a red-hot bed; the tyrants standing in the river of blood, and the Centaurs galloping upon the bank; the forest whose stunted trees were spirits, with the Harpies tearing their poisonous fruits; the wilderness of raining flames and sands of lurid fire; the Simonists set head-downwards in their narrow

holes, with feet which burned like lamps above the level of the rock; the black-winged demons, Dragagnazzo and Barbariccia, hovering with their prongs above the lake of pitch; the hypocrites weighed down with gilded cowls of lead; the valley where sinners changed with agony to serpents, and serpents back to sinners; the flame-pent spirits dancing like strange fireflies in the gloomy gorge; the trunk of Bertrand de Born holding up by the hair his speaking head; the sea of everlasting ice, where the forms of the tormented appeared like flies in crystal, and where Ugolino lifted his teeth from the skull of his enemy to relate his awful story. Spenser also, though his touch is sometimes indecisive, and he takes ten words to Dante's one, has often vivid pictures — as that of the knight peering into the den of the monster by the light of his own gleaming mail; of Fury, chained in iron, with eyes that flashed sparkles, gnawing his ruddy beard; of Mammon in his armor of rusted iron and dull gold, counting his hoard of coins; or of the little fountain in the Bower of Bliss where the golden-haired girls were bathing.

But perhaps the finest examples in our language of sheer painting in words are to be found in Lord Tennyson's "Palace of Art." No device of the cunning artist is wanting there. The verse is of deliberate motion, like the slow rolling of a panorama, affording the successive images time to work their full effect. Sometimes, indeed, it stops entirely, so as to impress upon the mind the details of the scene: —

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily;

Here the verse pauses. The picture of the sleeping saint is before the eye. The spectator may contemplate it at what length he pleases; the progress of the scenery is stopped for his convenience. When he is ready to proceed the next picture comes before him, —

An angel look'd at her.

And the verse is stopped again.

It is hardly in the power of words to paint a picture with more distinctness than this scene of Saint Cecily sleeping at her organ, and watched over by an angel. But it is clear that the effect owes nothing to the sense of mystery — of suggestion. The reader sees in his mind's eye, with sharp distinctness, the picture which the poet aimed to set there; but

he sees no more. His imagination has no part to play. It lies idly by, and makes no sign.

Now set beside this a passage in which the power of mystery, of suggestion, is strong. Set beside it, for instance, Mad Tom's snatch of song in "King Lear," "Child Rowland to the dark tower came." I call the song Mad Tom's, for who can doubt that Edgar studied the part from life, and that Mad Tom was a real and living person? But in what course of his roving he picked up this fragment of old legend is beyond our knowing. Perhaps he discovered it in some odd corner of his brain; perhaps learned it of that strange demon who haunted him, as he tells us, with the voice of a nightingale. But, from whatever source it came, scarcely a better instance could be found of the power which springs from richness of suggestion. Who was this Child Rowland? What was the dark tower? What wild and strange adventures had its spectral walls beheld? Imagination wakes. A thousand shadowy memories arise, like phantoms, in the mind's eye, of legendary lands; of battle-dinted knights-at-arms; of dragon-guarded dungeons; of soft lutes heard pleading from barred casements; of combats against tenfold odds; of wild vows given and received; of "trumpets blown and hymns of festival;" of heads of enemies set up to bleach on battlemented towers. Or perhaps the story rises up complete before the mind, as a great living poet has imagined it—the story of the band of knights, of whom Child Rowland was the last, sworn to the quest of the dark tower in the midst of its wild waste of deathful country, to perish one by one before its walls.

Or consider the exquisitely beautiful series of pictures in De Musset's "Nuit de Mai," in the invitation of the Muse to the poet:—

Shall we sing of Hope, or Sorrow, or Joy?
Shall we steep in blood the battalions of steel?
Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?
Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?
Shall we cry to Tarquin, "Night is come?"
Shall we seek the pearl in the caves of ocean?
Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?
Shall we lift to heaven the eyes of Melancholy?
Shall we follow the hunter over the mountain crags?
Shall we picture a maiden moving to Mass, a page behind her,
her cheek aflame, her glance roving from the side of her mother, her parted lips forgetting her prayer, trembling to hear among the echoing pillars the clinking spur of a bold cavalier?

Every piece of imagery here is pene-

trated with the power of charm, the power of suggestion. Like the image of Child Rowland coming to the dark tower, every line epitomizes a romance. "Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?" Behold the pastorals of Virgil and of Theocritus, the pipes of the shepherds, the songs, and the ivy-bowls. "Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?" Behold Mazeppa bound on his wild horse, swept like a whirlwind through the waste. "Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?" Behold the high-walled orchard gardens of Verona, and Juliet looking from her window as the moon tips with silver the fruit-tree tops.

Or we may take an example in which the power of suggestion acts in a rather different manner. The following is from one of Victor Hugo's poems. It is a scene of evening, of oriental night. The grass is dark; a sweet, fresh smell issues from the tufts of asphodel; a whisper of rivulets is in the moss; a sound of sheep-bells comes from far away.

C'était l'heure tranquille où les lions vont boire.

(It was the still hour when the lions come to drink.)

It is, perhaps, the subtle charm, like that of music, of the words, which really gives this line its rich suggestions of tranquillity; and this, of course, is incommunicable, if it is not felt. But another and more obvious source of its effect may be observed. Instead of choosing the hart or hind, or other timorous and soft-natured creature, thinking to deepen the peace of the evening with the imagery of peace, the poet chooses the lion. The hind, with her fawn beside her, stealing forth at evening from her covert, doubtless affords an image of tranquillity. But the hour has deeper influences yet. The lions, not now seeking blood, are coming to drink "at the waters that go softly."

But the spirit of suggestion is a dainty Ariel. The secret of its power is not often to be thus explored. Like the mysterious and occult suggestions of the melody of music, the laws of association on which its power depends are often too dim and too complex to be followed far. But as we know that in the melody of music there are combinations of simple notes which have power to stir the spirit to its depths, so also we know that there are combinations of simple words which act upon the mind with a mysterious and unaccountable power of charm. Passages in which this power is strong are

among the rarest and most precious in all literature. To seek them is like seeking hidden treasure. To discover them is to feel the joy of the diver who emerges from the sea-depths with a goodly pearl. What reader has not felt the profound visionary effect of Wordsworth's verse, —

The Lady of the Mere
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance ;

a verse which Southey considered to be the finest instance in our language of pure poetic charm? Perhaps he was not wrong. The word "shore" is itself a curious instance of subtle and mysterious power. "Beach" conveys identically the same idea. But make the exchange —

The Lady of the Mere
Sole sitting by the beach of old Romance.

How poor and pale in comparison! What loss of the strange richness of suggestion which comes from the sound of "shore!"

This visionary charm, this music-like mastery of effect, occurs in many forms. It appears in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" —

The Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

In Coleridge's enchanted river, the *Alph* of *Xanadu*, sinking

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

In Keats's

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

In Virgil's

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.
(And rivers gliding under ancient walls.)

In Wordsworth's

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

This is the spirit of romance, the spirit which prefers the phantom to the statue, and twilight to full noon; which seeks not the vividness of imagery, but the rich and working presence of suggestion. It is this spirit, pushed to its last result only in our own time, which has produced the interesting form of poetry of which Mr. Swinburne's "Before a Mirror" is perhaps the most remarkable instance.

The effect of this poem is almost identically the same as that of music. Its imagery, so far from being vivid, is phantasmal; its words act through associations more ghostly than the scent of last year's rose, than "the song of our country heard

in a strange land." The impression of its haunting power resembles nothing so nearly as the impression produced by a nocturne of Chopin's.

But leaving these enchanted lands, where all forms of things are "vaporous and unaccountable," and coming out into the air of common day, it is curious to note at how slight a cause — apparently slight, that is, though really charged with consequence, like the footprint which Robinson Crusoe found on the seashore — imagination will arouse itself, ready for flight, like Ariel spreading his wings at the voice of Prospero. The following is a fine example; and it is one, moreover, which is sufficient, of itself, to display the essential difference between the art which suggests, and the art which excludes suggestion: —

The picture represented clouds low and lurid, rolling over a swollen sea; all the distance was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground — or rather the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam. In its beak it held a bracelet, set with gems, touched with as brilliant tints as the palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as the pencil could impart.

Now supposing this to be a complete description of the scene, — for though Jane Eyre's picture contained other details, we may consider, for our purpose, that nothing was visible but what is here described, — the whole power of it as a piece of romantic art (and it is immensely powerful) lies in the bracelet. Without the bracelet the picture is merely a study of waves and sky. It may be fine and valuable as such, full of the most rare and precious qualities of landscape; but, whatever these may be, the interest of such a picture lies evidently in what it accurately depicts, not in what it suggests. But add the bracelet, add the power of suggestion, the mystery of romance, and the picture is now no longer a study of scenery, but a wild and mournful poem.

From The Leisure Hour.

MR. RUSKIN'S "MAY-DAY."

IN an article published in this magazine about a year ago, I was allowed to make some allusion to the treasures of art Mr. Ruskin has lavished upon a training college in London. This is the Whitelands College, King's Road, Chelsea, and within

its walls Canon Faunthorpe and a band of assistants year by year turn out some of the most capable elementary schoolmistresses of whom the country can boast. It is indeed a pleasure for any one interested in elementary education to spend an hour or two at Whitelands—to see the hard work done so cheerfully by girls destined to whole lives of labor, to ascertain from the whole spirit of the place that duty well done is the root of cheerfulness, and to find that theories of education are so advanced in this country now, that in an establishment of this sort, where percentages of "passes" and other terrors of the education department are thought of so much, kindness between teachers and scholars is the first and the last motive power that is sought. I do not know precisely how Mr. Ruskin first was drawn to the Whitelands girls, but certain it is that he has long admired their college home from the bottom of his heart, as his gifts have well testified to all concerned in it.

Among the marks of his interest to be found in this quaint Chelsea house is a chalcidony tablet let into a wall of the chief study. This bears the art-critic's favorite motto, "To-day." Upon the text Mr. Ruskin has preached to young women the following little sermon: "The happiness of your life, and its power and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days, but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a better creature."

All the year round the students at Whitelands can glance at the "To-day" that hangs in their study; and their glances are full of affection, for Mr. Ruskin, his works, and his private letters to them, have made a sunlight in their habitation. And of all the "to-days" in the twelve months they remember their master, as they call him, specially on the 1st of May.

Five years ago Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Faunthorpe devised a surprise for the scholars of the college. On the 1st of May they were told, at an hour's notice, to procure each a handful of flowers, and to assemble in the largest room. They assembled, wondering; the very governesses were ignorant of the meeting's object. At the proper moment the principal announced to the students that Mr. Ruskin had resolved to revive in their midst the old and sweet festival of the May queen. Each girl was given a voting-paper. On this she was required to write

the name of the "likeablest and loveablest" student among the junior students. The voting-papers were then collected by a governess, and the fortunate person indicated by the most votes was indued with a royal robe of white. Around her neck was thrown a chain of gold, bearing an emblematic cross of the same metal. The May queen was then presented with a complete set of Mr. Ruskin's works, bound in purple calf; and, after selecting for herself and her maids-of-honor a few of the volumes, she was required to hand the others to such of her companions as she could recommend for good qualities. And thereafter brief festivities of an improvised sort closed the coronation day. Her Majesty doffed her finery within a few hours of her ascending the throne, but remained for the year the college's May queen.

This simple but beautiful ceremony has grown to be a great power at Whitelands. Any girl entering the college knows that within a year from her becoming a student under Canon Faunthorpe the exhibition of ruthless and kindly character may lead her to the coveted throne. The elected queen is directed by Mr. Ruskin to distribute her presents among the best of the elder students, and thus old and young are brought into sympathetic contact. When the queen has passed the throne, she becomes an accredited example of behavior to her companions, and she has then an incentive on her part to still further development of character. Thus Mr. Ruskin has succeeded in bringing before the Whitelands students, in the most refined way, a lesson on the theme once beautifully dealt with by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who has written that "courtesies engentle humanity." Engentle—what an exquisite word!—one after Mr. Ruskin's own heart. It has been his own mission to engentle the lives of many by preaching beauty to be found in our common lives, no less than in the works of genius and the storehouses thereof.

On the first day, then, of this present month of May, the sixth May queen will be elected at the Chelsea College. The electors are forbidden to canvass the matter in any way before the appointment is made. As the first of May happens to be the festival of Saints Philip and James, a special service is held in the chapel, and very interesting it is, although the public is rigidly excluded from it. One hundred and fifty girls, all clad in white and flower-bedecked, fill the small but beauti-

ful place of worship. "Girls," says Mr. Ruskin, "should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close, making the ground bright wherever they are." Herein he echoes the words of Dan Chaucer:—

That of al floures in the mede
Manne love, I most the floures white and rede,
Such as men callen daysyes in our towne.

In the chapel this large choir of sweet voices from blossoming humanity makes the young May air glad, and through the painted window of St. Ursula the sun throws upon them "warm gules," that fall like a shadow of blessing. Ere the service concludes the principal delivers a pithy address on the forthcoming ceremony and its meanings. Then, at ten o'clock the students assemble in the lecture-room, where, after a reading or two, and perhaps another address, the voting-papers are filled up before the vacant throne. All the rooms bloom, but the fragrant dais is a mass of flowers. The choice of the girls is generally a surprise to the governesses, who confess, however, that it is always justified by results. When this choice has been announced, the queen-elect retires to be robed. The garment has of course been prepared by the authorities for a nobody, since it is obviously impossible to have foreseen what kind of a figure would fill it; but a wise simplicity of design makes the robe adaptable to most sizes. The royal potentate provides herself with three maids-of-honor, who assist her, during the robing, to make the list of those who are to receive her favors. At last she re-enters the assembly, crowned with a wreath of moss and marguerites, and bearing a floral sceptre. Before her step the youngest scholars, who bear on velvet cushions the books to be distributed. The very youngest girl of all carries the queen's crown and chain of gold. Each year these are designed anew by artists like Mr. Burne Jones or Mr. Arthur Severn. Thus the queen possesses and hands down for all time a unique specimen of nineteenth-century art.

The queen seated, her predecessor, now called a queen dowager, is placed by her side, wreathed in forget-me-nots; and the next matter of interest becomes the presentation of gifts. As Mr. Ruskin's nervous state precludes his attendance at any considerable gathering of his fellow-beings, some friend deputed by him invests the new potentate with her insignia of office. The queen next selects for

herself, from among the precious books, "The Queen of the Air," reserving for her chief maid-of-honor "The Seven Lamps of Architecture;" and the other thirty volumes are handed to the chosen recipients with little encomiums from the throne. Part-songs follow, and high holiday is decreed to conclude the ceremony. We know not who may be this year's queen, but all accounts agree in stating that she must be a very winsome lass to eclipse in favor her five precursors. Three years ago a touching thing happened. The choice fell on the only girl present in black. She was mourning a dead father. The trembling maiden required some persuasion before she would consent to don the May queen's shining attire; and her first act after doffing it was to send off the pure white lilies that had surrounded her, to lie on her father's new-made grave.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

From The Spectator.

GOOD FRIDAY AMONG THE MEXICAN PENITENTES.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE godlessness of the Western States of America is too well known to need description again, and I am told that the practices of the sect of Penitentes among the Mexicans, who are almost all Roman Catholics, have often been described for the reading public. For myself, though I have lived in the country long enough to know that the sadness of Good Friday and the gladness of Easter pass alike unnoticed, and even generally unknown to the majority, in this worldly Western life, yet I had never till this year realized with what awful reality the event which the observance of Good Friday commemorates, is brought back to the devout among the despised race with which we mix every day. The contrast between the white men, who do not even know what the day means, and the dark men, who have often died of their wounds, is startling in the extreme. The tone of the following extract—from the leading paper of the leading city of the West—which appears as, and really is to very many here, an item of news, shows more clearly than any statement of facts can show, the incredible ignorance and indifference regarding the greatest event in the world's history which is bred by the selfish, hurrying, changing life of a new country:—

GOOD FRIDAY. — To-day is observed in the Christian Church as the anniversary of the most solemn of events—the crucifixion of Christ. It is called "Good" because of the benefits conferred on the world by His death. Good Friday is the only day in the year on which mass is not celebrated in the Catholic church. Services in both Catholic and Episcopal churches are remarkable for length and solemnity. In some of the Denver churches, services commenced last evening. To-day, in many of the churches a long "agony service," in commemoration of Christ's agony on the Cross, will be celebrated. The solemnity of the day and its observance is in strong contrast with the joy of Easter Sunday—the celebration of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

This is the language of a man writing about some strange custom of foreign countries. The contrast between Good Friday and Easter Sunday seems to appear to him as a remarkable coincidence only.

In the little town of W—, everything was going on just as usual, and the day was hardly known but as the day on which the Penitentes would "perform." At the ranche, when we left in the morning, the horses themselves were not less ignorant of its being any special day than were the men who drove them. The sect of the Penitentes is fast dying out under the profound disapprobation of the white population, most of the Mexicans themselves, and particularly of the priests, who have excommunicated all who persist in belonging to the order. I have not been able to learn much about the tenets of the faith, to which, by the bye, only the men belong; and as the fact of holding it is kept as strictly secret as possible, it is difficult to find out whether the austerity of the creed produces a corresponding holiness of life. But so far as I have been able to learn, those few whose secret has slipped out do seem to be good and earnest men. The only outward sign of the order is the torture endured on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Holy Week. The pressure which has been brought to bear upon the self-appointed victims, has driven the devout little band that still holds out, to perform their penance in as quiet and unostentatious a way as possible. In days gone by, the procession used to be formed in the main streets of the towns, and move slowly—to the sound of music, and laboring under the burden of heavy crosses which strained the heart sometimes even to bursting—to the holy symbol before which the penitents were to imitate the sufferings of their Master. Here the bearing of heavy crosses and the scourging are the only two tortures now used; but

further south the path is strewn with cactus, and the penitents are tied to, and left to hang upon, the cross for hours. Many and many a time death has been the result. There is, close here, a mud house in the shape of a coffin, that used to be the scene of the scourging. One devotee lay down in the doorway, and begged every one to step on his already mutilated body in passing in and out. In the night he was carried away for burial. Now, in each Mexican settlement here, a little log hut plastered with mud is the unpretending building which shelters the sufferers in the intervals of prayer which fill up the holy days. Good Friday is, of course, the last and greatest of the three. This year, the sky was gloomy from early morning, and became darker as the hour of the solemn rites approached. It was not till late in the afternoon that we reached the scene, which has made a deep impression on my mind. We rode from the town to the settlement, some two miles away, through a heavy rain, which made everything look doubly gloomy. Just as we reached the top of a little hill which overlooks the spot, the solemn procession issued from its humble church, and passed through the line of burden-crosses stacked by the side of the path. The scene was impressive in the extreme. The clouds were now black as night, the thunder rolled incessantly, and the lightning flashed over the great cross, set on the barren slope of a still more barren hillside, towards which the penitents were moving. As we watched, the unhappy penitents, masked and wearing nothing except their white drawers, their backs already streaming with blood, moved very slowly through the cold, drenching rain. Every one was attended by two men, who continued a ceaseless, low, and solemn chant. At each alternate step, the penitent swung over his shoulder a heavy scourge of cactus and cutting grass, which fell, each time, with a sharp report that we could hear far off, making the blood fly from the old wounds. This they continued all the long two hundred yards to the cross, and back to the church. Then they would go again over the same course, staggering under a burden almost, if not quite, more than the heart could bear without breaking. The sight was too sad to make us wish to see it all, but we came away deeply impressed by the fact that among the ignorant and despised there are many who—however mistakenly—willingly, gladly, because they think that Christ approves it, go through—even in some cases to death—what we should not dare to face. H.

From Le Génie Civil.
THE CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN.

WE read, and we see it everywhere repeated, that the climate of Norway, which is mild as compared with that of the American coast in the same latitude, is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. This is the common opinion shared in by a large number of competent persons in France and elsewhere. The public, in its turn, goes still further and attributes the mildness of the temperature on certain portions of the French coast to the same cause, that is to say, the warm currents of the sea. It is nowadays generally agreed that the Gulf Stream is soon lost on the surface of the Atlantic, and an endeavor has been made to refer the heating action, which it thus could no longer possess, to another current that forms a sort of continuation of it, and which, after all, is nothing more than a slow movement of the surface waters of the ocean from the east toward the west. Hence the question of heating through a slowly moving mass of water becomes very problematical, and there is now an opinion forming which would attribute the calorific influences formerly ascribed to the Gulf Stream to an atmospheric circulation, and not to an oceanic one. The circulation of the ocean nevertheless presents considerable interest, and the reason that the question has not been more fully studied is because such researches require large pecuniary sacrifices, on account of the vast field to be covered. A contribution to our knowledge of this subject, however, has recently been made by Professor G. Pouchet, who, through the liberality of the city of Paris, and the co-operation of Prince Albert of Monaco, was last year enabled to undertake some experiments. Prince Albert's sail yacht, the *Hirondelle*, which had been placed at Professor Pouchet's disposal, was fitting out at Lorient, and it became necessary to make haste, and, in a manner, improvise the apparatus to be used. The following three forms of floats were decided upon: 1. Ten copper spheres, one foot in diameter, formed of two hemispheres screwed upon a rubber joint. 2. Twenty kegs similar to those used for beer, and of a capacity of three and one-half gallons. 3. A hundred and fifty ordinary bottles, closed by a selected cork, and capped with rubber. Each float contained a request, printed in French, Russian, Norwegian, Danish, English, German, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Mangrabin, that the finder of it would

send the inclosed paper to the authorities of his country, in order that it might be sent to the French government, with details as to the place and date, and the circumstances under which the float was picked up. The *Hirondelle*, having on board the material for the experiment, set sail about July 1, 1885. It was agreed that the floats should be put into the sea to the north-west of Corvo, the last of the Azores. On July 27, at a quarter past six in the morning, the vessel being about one hundred and ten miles north-west of Corvo, the putting of the bottles into the ocean was begun, and was kept up, mile by mile, till forty minutes past three, when a beginning was made with the kegs, and afterward with the spheres. These two latter styles of floats were spaced two miles apart, and the last of them was thrown over on the 28th. Then the second series of bottles followed. The floats were distributed over a line which ran about fourteen degrees north by east, and was one hundred and seventy miles in length. The place that had been selected in advance for the operation, and where Prince Albert accomplished the latter so happily, is situated almost exactly upon a line which joins the Strait of Florida (through which the Gulf Stream enters the Atlantic) and the entrance of the British Channel. It was Prince Albert's opinion that if any of the floats reached the coast of Europe, it would be between forty and fifty degrees of north latitude; but up to the present no such thing has occurred. Three of the floats were picked up, after a travel towards the east, in which they at the same time strangely inclined toward the south. Two bottles and one keg were found at the Azores — one of the bottles ten miles off the port of Saint Iria, San Miguel Island, one a mile east of Porto Formoso of the same island, and the keg at the port of Porto, Santa Maria Island. The two bottles had taken fifty-three days to travel a distance of four hundred and twenty miles. The keg, which stranded on Santa Maria, seemed to show that the floats were continuing their course towards the south. It is allowable to suppose that the floats, after turning the Azores, continued to travel in the direction of the Cape Verd Islands, in order to cross the Atlantic and directly reach the Antilles, or to revolve indefinitely in the immense and pacific whirlpool called the Sargasso Sea. However this may be, the positive although partial results obtained seem to establish the fact that from the latitude in which the floats

were thrown overboard, not a drop of the Atlantic's surface water reaches the coast of France. This is a point that now appears to be demonstrated. If we admit that there exists a current or simply a shifting of the warmer water from the west towards the east on a level with the coast of France, it is, then, to the north of the forty-second parallel that we must look for the origin of the heating of this water. Every one now appears to argue that the Gulf current no longer makes its influence felt beyond the fortieth degree of latitude. In reality, outside of its sphere of action, which is now well known and has been perfectly measured, it seems that the motion of the superficial water of the Atlantic between the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and the Antilles is in great measure a function of the movements of the atmosphere. On comparing the travel of the floats with Brault's wind charts for July, August, and September, it was found that their direction sensibly agreed with that of the current that carried the floats along.

From St. James's Gazette.

A RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT IN HOME RULE.

IN the *Observer* there is an interesting reference to a Russian experiment in home rule, to which the writer satirically directs Mr. Gladstone's attention. The grand duchy of Finland enjoys autonomy — so much autonomy that she is virtually an independent State. But how has she obtained it, asks our contemporary? Why, simply by taking the concessions made to her by the czar Alexander I., and using them like wedges to widen the crevices in her union with Russia. If, says the *Observer*, a strong, autocratic government like that of Russia could not prevent the germ of self-government in Finland developing into independence, how can a weak government like that of England prevent Mr. Gladstone's "domestic legislature" from growing into a separate Parliament? The condition of Finland is certainly a very curious one. It is true that she enjoys a great deal of home rule; but we should not describe her as virtually an independent State. Large as are her autonomic privileges, the czar has kept in his hands a far greater amount of control than Mr. Gladstone would permit us to have over Ireland; and yet in some respects Mr. Gladstone's Ireland would not be so free as Finland.

The Finns are a cleanly, thrifty, industrious, and singularly honest race of people. They have what Mr. Gladstone calls "a spirit of nationality so masculine" that they have not, like the Irish, lost their language or yielded easily on the field of battle to a foreign invader. Though they were reduced to straits that rendered resistance hopeless, yet they fought with such ferocity in 1721, in 1780-90, and last of all in 1809, against the Russians, that they extorted from the czar the right of imposing conditions even on their conqueror. Alexander I. was, in fact, fain to grant Finland some constitutional liberty; and it was therefore not her conquest but her "union" with Russia which he found it convenient to proclaim. Following the advice of the astute Speransky, he accepted the principle that "Finland was a State, not a Russian province to be administered in common with other provinces." She was accordingly exempted from the twenty-five years conscription. She was permitted to manage her own army and finances, to have her own system of representative government, and to give her citizens an absolute monopoly of all official positions in her administration. The Constitution of Borgo, framed under the good influence of Speransky and when Alexander I. was full of progressist tendencies, gave Finland a great deal of independence. But it did not lessen the hatred of the Finnish peasants for Russian rule, any more than Mr. Gladstone's concessions to Ireland would lessen the hatred of the Irishry to England. The Diet which framed the Constitution in 1809 was not called together for fifty-three years, and the "Finnish Committee" at St. Petersburg governed the country in accordance with the autocratic ideas of Nicholas I. Yet that did not break the spirit of Finnish nationality. Slowly and pertinaciously the Finns regained their liberties. Since 1863 their Diet has been pretty regularly summoned every five years, and it has rarely met without widening the scope of Finnish autonomy. By steadily working for an enlargement of their privileges, and by cunningly avoiding open conflict with the czar, the Finns have attained the position which now leads some of their admirers to describe Finland as "virtually an independent State." As a matter of fact, Finland is governed by a Diet which consists of four chambers; nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants; the latter elected in "two orders." It is summoned every five years by the czar, to meet for a short session extending over four or five months

Each chamber debates separately, but can only discuss the programme of legislation submitted by the czar, and even then subject to the imperial veto. The imperial right of issuing decrees is not very clearly defined; but the theory is that no taxes can be imposed without the unanimous consent of the chambers. When, however, unanimity appears impossible, a committee of sixty, fairly representative of each chamber, meets and arranges a compromise. If they fail, then the Finnish Committee at St. Petersburg, consisting of the secretary of State for Finland and four members, two nominated by the crown and two by the Senate of Finland, settle the matter. The Senate of Finland is nominated by the czar, but its members are natives. It meets under the presidency of the governor-general, who is also commander-in-chief of the army, and who may be a Russian, in which case he is the only Russian who holds any office whatever in the country. The Senate is the supreme administrative authority, as the Diet or Seim is the supreme legislative authority. Everything is under senatorial control—except education, the Church, customs, and the army; which, with foreign affairs, are under the imperial government. The army of Finland consists of seventy thousand; and all the officers must be Finns, though the commander in chief, being governor-general, may be a Russian. Finland coins its own money, manages its own debt, and is free of all entanglement with Russian finance; so much so that, whereas Russia cannot borrow money for less than six per cent., Finland can always borrow for four and one-half per cent. in the open market, and the paper money of Finland circulates at par, whereas the Russian paper rouble is worth only six tenths of its reputed value. Russia has meddled very little of late with the grand duchy; and yet the national movement has been stimulated rather than arrested by concessions of autonomy. Finland now seeks for absolute independence, and is using, as Ireland would, her autonomy as a stepping-stone to it. The Swedes were once the dominant race in Finland. As their language was till very recently the only official language, they monopolized all the offices; but they form only about one-seventh of the population. They find now, under extending autonomy, that they must either join the national party or be crushed; for the Finns hate the aristocratic Swedish caste just as the Irishry hate the loyal gentry in Ireland. Equality for the Finnish and Swedish

languages being won, the next step is to be a democratic reform of the Constitution with a view to the expulsion of every Swede from the public service. Thus the Swedes of the rising generation are abandoning their nationality and joining the Fennomans; and the Finns welcome the adhesion of renegade Swedes just as Mr. Parnell welcomes the adherence of an Irish gentleman to his faction. The Fennomans do not (says Prince Kropotkin), like the Poles, vainly dream of reviving the past. They aspire to create a new autonomous Finland by converting the Fennomanic movement, which is in the main a literary one at present, into a political, which is to be combined with an agrarian, movement. Education after Finnish ideas, the monopoly of the administration, the land freed from the Swedish caste—these are the objects which the Fennomanic party have in view. They are advancing from autonomy to independence so rapidly that the Muscovite Chauvinists are warning the czar he will one day wake to find a hostile nation at the very doors of his capital.

From The Spectator.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA.

WE see no reason whatever for the suspicion, which we perceive lingers in some quarters even here, and is widely diffused upon the Continent, that King Louis of Bavaria was in any way unfairly dealt with by his ministry or his relatives. It was quite natural that he should go mad. There is a deep taint of insanity in his house. Not to mention the endless intermarriages between the Wittelsbachs and the Hapsburgs, in whose family the disease has reappeared at intervals for hundreds of years, King Louis inherited a predisposition from his mother, whose father and brother were both so afflicted; while his own brother Otto, the present titular king, has for many years been under medical restraint, and is known on all hands to be incurable. Granted a poison of that kind in the blood, one would expect, under favoring circumstances, a strange, ill-regulated man, possibly with a trace of genius; and under unfavorable conditions, an eccentric one, in whom wilfulness would slowly develop into positive, and probably dangerous mania. The king's conditions were singularly unfavorable. Wilful from birth, he was, as a lad, over-governed, educated to death, drilled

like a raw recruit, kept aloof from all companions, and then suddenly released to find himself a king, with very extensive power — for the monarch in Bavaria is intended to be king and premier — and with more than the usual loneliness of kings. He had no boy intimates or companions. He had no female favorites. He had learned to dislike his relatives; he had an antipathy to women, and refused to marry, breaking off one engagement, it is said, with rude decision; and he was full of dreams, chiefly artistic, which he could discuss with no one, but could, nevertheless, with his position and his fortune, often attempt to realize. The reverence for their kings is deep among the Bavarian people, the remarkable personal beauty of King Louis — a Shelley on a throne — interested and attracted his subjects, it was a habit with them to respect a mania for art, and they followed him against Prussia and with Prussia with a devotion which the events of 1870 only deepened. The conquest of France touched the king's gloomy imagination, and his one great public act was to offer the imperial crown to the victorious Hohenzollern. Never resisted, never criticised, always lost in the solitude of a social mountain-top, with no external dangers to face, with a fortune which, for that region, seemed endless, and with that deep taint in his blood, it is hardly wonderful that King Louis should develop his predisposition, and develop it in the way which Suetonius and De Quincey attribute to the Roman emperors of the Julian house. The indulgence of will, the effort to realize the impossible, the search for new excitements, became incessant, till thought and caprice, judgment and fantasy, became indistinguishable. If King Louis dreamed of a mountain palace, it must rise as by an enchanter's wand. If he heard that an opera was good, he must see it there and then, after midnight, sitting alone to watch performers tired to powerlessness. If he was sleepless, as he often was, like Caligula, he must be driven over the mountains in a lighted carriage drawn by four horses at a dangerous speed. If he caught some likeness between himself and Louis XIV., that king's private life must be searched by historians specially engaged at an expenditure of £20,000. If he meditated on Lohengrin, he must *be* Lohengrin, and be drawn, dressed as a knight seated in a boat, by mechanical swans across a mountain lake. If he sent a message to the princess Gisela, his cousin's wife, the only woman

for whom he had a friendship, it must be delivered the instant it arrived, though it was two in the morning, and she was sleeping. Hohenschwangau was the Golden House over again under a Nero without his cruelty — though symptoms of cruelty began latterly to show themselves, the king sentencing all who opposed him to death — or his fierce voluptuousness, but with his artistic tastes and his mad wilfulness. We think the Roman annalists are lying when they tell their stories of Caligula or Nero; but if Munich had been burned, King Louis would have telegraphed to Wagner for an opera bewailing and realizing the destruction of his capital. Nero's appearance in the arena was no more extraordinary than many of the king's whims at Hohenschwangau; and if he never made a horse a consul, he appointed a valet named Hesselschwert premier of his kingdom, and twice asked a sentinel to dinner in royal state. This wild wilfulness, at first believed to be only eccentricity, at last ended in true madness; but as the chief external signs of the change were total seclusion, entire indifference to business, and restless hurrying from residence to residence, the ministry, whose position was most difficult — for up to a very recent period, soldiers and people would have obeyed any order from the king, and dynasts cannot endure the one accusation which dethrones them — transacted the business of the State with the help of the Diet, and kept silence. At last, however, the wild expenditure of the king exhausted all available means, and seriously threatened the future of the royal family, the clamor of the creditors became a public scandal, and possibly something else occurred which will never be accurately described, but which roused the attention of the Imperial court at Berlin. There may be some foundation for the wild stories about the king's applications to foreign princes for pecuniary aid. At all events, the ministry decided to act; they found, on inquiry, evidence that the king's malady had reached a further point than they believed, and, with the consent of Berlin, they issued orders for his deposition and arrest. As the king resisted, arrested privy councillors sent to acquaint him with the decision, threatened them with torture, and even summoned troops, it was necessary to use force, and it is to be feared that the outrage, as he would consider it, completed the upset of the king's mind. He resolved on suicide; and owing partly to his doctor's self-confidence, partly to his ser-

vants' intense reluctance to disobey his direct orders, a reluctance of which courtiers are very slow to divest themselves, he was enabled to effect his purpose. On his arrival at the castle to which he was conveyed, he proposed a stroll, ordered away his attendants, and set out accompanied by Dr. Gudden. At a convenient moment he rushed into the water, fought and drowned the doctor who tried to hold him, and so made an end. A more heart-breaking tragedy was never enacted on any stage, for King Louis was almost a man of genius, had the keenest appreciation of all arts, including the beautiful one of landscape gardening, and might, but for the taint in his blood, and the unlucky misogyny which made his loneliness so much more perfect than the ordinary loneliness of kings, have been a unique figure among monarchs. We have never had in Europe a true artist-king. There was, however, no political foul play, the truth, we suspect, being that the ministry, in their fear at once of the people and of Berlin, acted with the greatest reluctance, and long after the necessity for action had arisen. They were in full power, they dreaded disturbance, and they were under the pressure of the feeling, which in this country has been nearly forgotten, that the crown belongs to the king of right, the feeling which induced them, when the king died, to proclaim an incurable lunatic as his successor. If, they doubtless reasoned, we pass over Prince Otto or appeal to the Diet, we violate the hereditary principle, which alone stands between the monarchy and popular election.

The liability of monarchs to insanity, probably owing to their loneliness, and to the effect of power in releasing the will from healthy external compression, is greater than that of other men, and is increased in Europe by their habit of intermarriage. Two clans practically reign in Europe, the Catholic one and the Protestant one, and in both the disease has repeatedly broken out, the Spanish Hapsburgs in particular constantly showing the predisposition, which is attributed also, in the form of melancholia or insane fury of temper, to the house of Romanoff. Its existence is often quoted as a final argument against monarchy, and as against absolutism it is no doubt a serious one. It is difficult to see what can be done with an insane pope or czar except kill him, which is impossible except through a palace murder such as has, in Constantinople and St. Petersburg, once or twice created a vacancy in the throne.

As a rule, however, some minister masters the maniac, and in constitutional monarchies the argument is not worth much. The avowed lunatic is quietly superseded, and the crypto-lunatic might do as much mischief as president or as orator. Andrew Johnson was very little better, and M. Gambetta, had he secretly lost his reason, might have thrown all Europe into confusion before he was restrained. Institutions can only be worked by persons, and must be nearly as dependent on the health of individuals as the ordinary operations of life are. The American machine stopped while President Garfield fought out his losing fight with death, and might have stopped months longer. Indeed, in this particular instance the illustration makes the other way. Only an old and solid monarchy could have remained unaffected by the madness of the head of the executive for ten continuous years. The king has died, the solitary crowned suicide of modern European history, his family is half ruined, and the world is shocked; but the life of Bavaria, political and social, goes on undisturbed even by a riot. No republican State has yet attained to that tranquillity, and though tranquillity is not all, it is the condition of most that is progressive in free States.

From Nature.

THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE American papers contain an announcement which will be received with some astonishment in Europe. A member of Congress, Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, has introduced a bill into the House prohibiting the Geological Survey of the United States from expending any money for palæontological work, except for the collection, classification, and proper care of fossils and other material; and from composing, compiling, or preparing for publication monographs, bulletins, or other books except an annual report containing merely the transactions of the bureau and other routine official matter. It is further proposed to sell off the laboratories and other property of the Survey which after the passing of the act would be no longer needed. Of course there may be official or departmental reasons for reorganization or retrenchment of which the outside world is ignorant. But these reasons must be very serious indeed to

justify such action as is proposed. If there is one scientific undertaking of which the United States have pre-eminently just reason to boast as a model to all civilized countries, it is their Geological Survey. For completeness of equipment it has no rival in the world, and already though it has only been seven years in existence its work both for excellence and amount has placed it in the very front of the scientific organizations of the time. Whether we look to its purely scientific achievements or to the importance of its practical work in mining and other economical departments, the crippling of the resources of the Geological Survey of the United States would be a calamity against which not only all lovers of science but all who are interested in the continued development of the natural productions of the great republic would energetically protest. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Herbert will have many supporters, and it is difficult to conceive from what possible motive he is acting. He calculates that if his bill passes he will effect a saving of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He should try to find some branch of the public service where economy and retrenchment could be practised without seriously injuring the scientific credit and industrial progress of his country. And no doubt he could succeed in this search.

From The Academy.
LAST-CENTURY LETTER.

King's College, London: June 5, 1886.

A DESCENDANT of the writer kindly gives me permission to print the following exact copy of a letter in her possession; and, as an excellent specimen of the last century men and manners, as well as of human nature, it seems well worth printing.

Bartholomew Close, March 24th, 1764.

Hond Madm,

For about 5 Months past I have been acquainted with a young Lady of singular prudence, and good nature, of ye Parish of Wood street. She is neither a Beauty nor Fortune; but extremely agreeable, genteel, and of a good

Family; She was ye daughter of a Clergyman of good Prefermt, and had ye best of Education, with ye prospect of a handsome Fortune, wch was squander'd away by an extravagant Mother-in-Law, and is now Fatherless and Motherless. She is about 24 Years of Age, universally respected by her Friends, wch are numerous, and has a Prospect of some Thousands after ye death of an Uncle. I cannot say but I have a very sincere regard for her, and am satisfied from many circumstances she has a regard for me: shd be glad to make her my Wife, if agreeable to you (for wd willingly have your approbation in every thing I do) ye more so, as I am certain it wd be ye greatest satisfaction to you, to see me, after so many disappointments, settled with a Lady, so much of your own Temper and Disposition; for her delight seems to be in obliging others, and being in her Duty.

Your answer by ye first return of ye Post (otherwise shall be impatient) will greatly oblige,

Madm your dutiful Son,
T. CROOME WICKES.

The formality of the style is somewhat at odds with the eagerness of the stylist, as appears especially in the last paragraph. One has some misgiving as to the turn his language might take if "Honored Madam" crosses his wishes. However, she did not think it well to do so. That artful compliment about "your own Temper and Disposition" had its due effect; and this dutiful son was permitted to marry his singularly prudent and good-natured young lady. He was not doomed to suffer another "disappointment" after "so many." And his choice seems to have proved happy. The writer was the rector of St. Bartholomew's the Great.

I dare say it has often been noticed how people used to call a "stepmother" a "mother-in-law," and, indeed, still do in a certain rank. Thus Colman translates Terence's *noverca* "the mother-in-law." And a friend of mine was the other day appalled to hear a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a candidate, I believe, for the honorable office of "scrub," speak of her "mother-in-law." This looked like an early marriage with a vengeance; but it turned out our young friend meant "stepmother."

JOHN W. HALES.